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No. 31.—VOL. III.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1893.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.

### MISS LETTY LIND AT HOME.

I was glad not to find her quite at home when I called, since I was left for five minutes alone in her drawing-room. Somehow, it seemed a curious nest for such a bird, next to nothing in it of the pretty rubbish that ladies strew about their rooms; on the contrary, everything in good taste, of no precise style, but with a French flavour. A pair of chimney-pieces of white wood, with well-carved female figures as caryatides; large soft couches, and a cosy corner covered with pretty silk *broché*; a claret-coloured velvet pile carpet and Persian rugs, charming arrangement of walls, partly white and partly of soft brown plum and grey paper, in panels surrounded by gilt moulding. On the wall good French engravings of dancers. There were, among others, Mesdames Sallé, Camargot, and Palissot, mostly engraved by Moreau le Jeune.

Just as I was inspecting a little table, Miss Lind came in. "Oh," she said, "come and look at this card-table, it's better than that, and at this, and this," and she showed me treasures of woodwork that I coveted. However, I interrupted her. "You know, I came to see you, not your household gods."

"Oh, don't look at me, please! I've been out driving in my pony-cart to Battersea Park—it's so pretty—ever been there? And I haven't changed my dress. I hate changing dresses; I'd live in a dressing-gown if I could. Why? You would, if you had to change seven times a night, as I had to do in 'Morocco Bound.'"

Of course I looked at the dress, a darkish-blue drill coat and skirt, a pale pink "dicky," a flat brown straw hat, with red roses, and, finally, dark-blue morocco shoes. I thought of some joke about the shoes and the title of the play, but never made it. Of the pretty person with the big turquoise eyes who sat in the blue drill frock, I do not attempt a description.

"What's my new dance? A bit of fun. When Miss Fuller left I thought of doing a burlesque on the serpentine, but it seemed, perhaps, in bad taste, so I determined to do the thing itself. I practised two days, and everyone says it's all right. It's quite easy and delightful to go wagging about in the long skirts. It's jolly, too,

for when you're tired of dancing you can stand still and wave the skirts all the same. You have to be careful not to get your legs entangled, that's all. I think the effect is beautiful, but it's not real dancing, and more than half the credit is due to the limelight; that is why I make the limelight man take the call with me."

"Now tell me what you think is the best style of dancing?"

"Oh, there's only one real style—the Italian. It's the groundwork of all serious dancing, and all dancers ought to go through it. I did. I began when I was four years old, and had lessons of Signor Guerino; but latterly I have neglected practising. I admired Cerale at the Empire; never saw Legnani. Some day I'll practise up and do a ballet dance. I should like to do a bit of 'whizzing'—I think she meant the peg-top business—"but I could not wear pink tights, they're too ugly for anything; 'blacks' are the only wear."

"And your burlesque skirt-dance in 'Morocco Bound'—are any of your pupils as bad as that?"

"Not quite, though a few almost. They kick at practising and doing the exercises for suppleness; in fact, they all want to dance right away. A few have real talent and patience. One, however, said to me once, 'What's the use of being patient, and learning slowly and surely? If I go to work that way the craze will be over before I have ever learnt a dance, and I'll get left.'

"And your début and career?"

"Oh, I began as an eight-year-old infant prodigy dancer in Hengler's Circus, and then—Oh, but that's all been in print before."

"And you played small parts in Mr. Wyndham's company, and you made a hit with a jig in 'The Shaughraun,' and went on tour with 'My Sweetheart' as heroine, and in 'Fun on the Bristol.' Then you came to London to gladden the Gaiety, and your history

since was that of the theatre till you left after 'Cinder Ellen' and came to 'Morocco Bound.' Is that correct?"

"Yes; you might have mentioned the jolly tour in America and Australia—I got a bit homesick, though—and my accordion-skirt dance in 'Ruy Blas.' I believe that started the serpentine and heaps of things."

"Yes," I remarked; "but they are facts, and I hate facts. Don't you? And what do you really love?"



MISS LETTY LIND AS SHE APPEARED IN "MOROCCO BOUND."

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"Sleeping—don't be shocked. I come home too tired, and can't sleep. Please don't make that silly remark about beauty sleep. I've tried all sorts of things in vain. What! you'll send me some of your poetry? Thanks, awfully; I'll try that. I do love a good sleep. Next to that I love riding, or gardening, or reading, or—no, I don't ride in town now. I haven't the nerve. I drive instead. Come and look at my apple-tree."

We went out on a balcony full of plants. It was not an astounding specimen of arboriculture, but Miss Lind looked so pretty that if she had offered me a leaf from it—there were no apples—I fear I should have imitated Adam. She did not.

"I'll show you the conservatory on the landing afterwards. Oh, they are such troublesome children to look after, and they're always wanting 'drinks.' Other pets? Yes, I've a parrot. You don't want to see it? And there's the cat."

"Now, Miss Lind, business. Who taught you singing? What? You think I'm laughing at you? Not a bit. You're not a Patti, perhaps, but your singing has great charm—the 'Marguerite' is delightful."

"I had lessons from Signor Ferri at the Guildhall School, but one can't sing and dance. The exercise ruins the voice, and the effort to sing when you're out of breath is cruel. And I enjoy dancing very much, though I like to have a change and do some real acting. Oh, no, not Juliet or parts like that. You know one can get a little bit tired of dancing. There is not a great deal of variety possible without a complete change of style. Some day I'll have a dance without skirts. I think it'll feel queer, and I want to try a *cancan*."

"You've seen a real one, I suppose, seen Grille d'Égout, Nini-Patten-l'Air, La Môme-Fromage, and other joys of Paris?"

"No, they wouldn't take me when I was in Paris—wasn't it a shame? Oh, yes, I like my profession, particularly when I've a holiday. Then I go to —, it's so pretty and quiet."

I don't mean to advertise — by giving its name, or saying how soon Miss Lind is going there for a fortnight. After this we went to see the conservatory, the Chippendale sideboard, and the engravings in the dining-room, and I do not think I need publish any more of the conversation of the merry, piquant girl whose dainty dancing has given keen pleasure to thousands of us.

E. F.-S.

## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Many people may think that recent events may well justify the members of the House of Commons being dubbed in music-hall language the Rowdy-dowdy Boys. The latest justification of the title is the assault made by Mr. Swift MacNeill on Mr. Harry Furniss. Mr. Furniss has been *Punching* the Irish member pretty frequently of late, and in retaliation the latter punched the caricaturist's person on Friday evening in a corner of the Lobby.

The M.P. is now the subject of assault, not only within, but without the House. Mr. Brodrick, ex-Financial Secretary of the War Office, made a statement in the House as to one Bernard Dunn, an employé in the Inspection Department at Woolwich, charging some of the officials falsely. Mr. Dunn has consequently horsewhipped Mr. Brodrick. He says it was a "technical assault," in order to bring his case before the Press. Sweet are the uses of advertisement.

The most interesting point in the progress made by the Lord Mayor through Scotland was his visit on Wednesday to the Banffshire village of Tomintoul, near which his maternal grandfather, in the middle of the last century, had a farm, though he afterwards came to London as a salmon factor. Tomintoul is a strange place for Lord Mayoral celebrations. It has been described as the last place made on earth, and even then left unfinished. The Queen has left it on record that it was the "most tumble-down, poor-looking place" she ever saw.

Luckily, the Lord Mayor saw it under happier conditions. It was not only decorated and triumphal-arched in his honour, but a well-known Highland gathering was held there on the day of his visit. His Celtic blood must have been roused by the skirl of the six pipers who preceded his carriage into the village, and the general heartiness of the welcome he received must have compensated for any lack of natural beauty which he might have associated with the place.

The East-End of London loses a warm friend in the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, M.A., Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, who has been made Canon of Bristol Cathedral. Mr. Barnett, who is a native of Bristol, will still remain Warden of Toynbee Hall.

It will surprise the Medical Department of the Local Government Board if an outbreak of Asiatic cholera occurs in this country at the present time. What is known as English cholera is unusually prevalent, but the arrangements which the department has been making at British ports for some time past almost preclude the possibility of Asiatic cholera gaining any foothold among us.

When Sir George Orreyed visited the house of Tanqueray, his wife announced the possibility of the baronet's leaving it rather "wrecky." That is just the term to apply to the once resplendent Alexandra Palace, the contents of which, after repeated attempts to give them a happier fate, were sold by auction last week. Still, the hope is still left that the Palace itself may be acquired for the public.

"With that horgan o' yours yer ort to make a fortune." It did not make a millionaire of the subject of Dickens's wit, and certainly not of the vendors of the Palace. The Palace organ has been described as rivalling in grandeur, sweetness, and beauty of tone the wonderful instruments at Haarlem and Freiburg. It certainly cost £8000, weighed 87 tons, and had 4209 pipes; for all that it fetched only £625. Mr. John Burns could not go further than £600.

The Census takes such an unconscionable time to be prepared that now it gives only an approximate idea of the position of the population. The third volume of the Census of 1891 appeared last week, with curious details as to marriage, occupations, birthplaces, and infirmities. There were 42 men and 104 women centenarians. With regard to occupations, there are 10,591,967 men and 11,461,890 women engaged, while 1,708,713 men and 7,445,660 women belong to the "unoccupied class."

The tale of holiday disasters has been lengthening. Many deaths by drowning have to be recorded. A sad accident occurred last week at the Aber Falls, a famous resort for visitors to North Wales. A young man, evidently of a venturesome disposition, fell over a precipice, and his recovery is doubtful. One positively fails to keep pace with the number of boating fatalities.

Speaking of boating, one should remember that the Eastbourne Regatta comes off on Friday. Fortunately for Londoners, it is easily reached, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway running cheap trains for the benefit of visitors.

One of the saddest accidents of this holiday season has been the death of the well-known cricketer, Mr. W. Llewelyn, son of Sir J. D. Llewelyn, who was found shot dead in a wood near Swansea. He had gone out to shoot, and his gun had gone off accidentally. The melancholy point about it all is that he was about to be married. His brother had been married only on Thursday.

The ill-fated Victoria is to be replaced in the Mediterranean by H.M.S. Hood.

The men engaged in the autumn manoeuvres on the commons of Newbury, on the borders of Berks and Hants, will have the advantage of much cooler weather than might have been anticipated. Large numbers of visitors have gone over Aldershot Camp within the past few days.

The literature and the glory of the smuggler have passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and one has to be reminded that the ex-hero, like the poor, is still with us. It is not, however, to the thrilling pages of a Marryat that we go to find him, but to the bald pages of the annual report of the Commissioners of Customs. In the year ended March more seizures had been made than any time during the past ten years, but the actual amount seized was not so great as in some previous years. The romance of the exciseman's life is not gone, for one Customs officer, stationed alone, far away at Scalloway, in the Shetlands, effected the seizure of 91 lb. of tobacco and the arrest of six men, the crew of a fishing-smack, which had brought the tobacco from the Faroe Islands. Here is material for another "Pirate."

Shetland, by-the-way, is plagued by dog-fish. It has been suggested that, as the British palate is not yet equal to dog-fish, while the Chinese is, an export industry might be opened up with China. 'Tis ponderous humour, this.

A striking illustration of the "eccentricities" of the present summer is shown in the fruit gardens of Cambridgeshire, where many apple-trees are either in blossom or are bearing a second crop.

The coal strike has begun its fifth week, and there is still no sign of a settlement.

A centenarian, of whose age no reasonable doubt can exist, has recently died in the person of Mr. Thomas Ironsides. His father attained the age of ninety years, but Mr. Ironsides has lived for more than 102 years. He had spent nearly all the time on his farm at Ravensworth. As a young man he served in Sir Thomas Burdon's cavalry, and assisted in the suppression of the keelmen's strike on the Tyne. A profound believer in outdoor exercise, Mr. Ironsides passed a tranquil and happy life, and had no lingering illness to mar his wonderful record. His eldest son has almost leapt the "eight-barred gate," as Oliver Wendell Holmes calls it.

Shorland has once again won the twenty-four hours cycling race by road. Last year he covered 366½ miles. This year he put in 372 miles.

Samuel Fox has fallen on evil days. He finds support nowhere, not even in St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, where on Sunday he had to be ejected by a constable for persisting in keeping his hat on his head.

The recent dissatisfaction among exhibitors at the World's Fair at the system of awards adopted does not appear to have been overcome. Typewriter firms, the Remington among others, have withdrawn their entire exhibits from competition before the jurors are appointed.

## "IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—PINS!"

## FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH A FAKIR.

Soliman ben Aïssa—may his tribe increase!—a sturdy Arab, curiously fair of skin, is just now the crack sensation of that home of the sensational, the Royal Aquarium.

Josiah ben Ritchie, arch-priest of that Temple of the Marvellous, is to be congratulated upon a quite thrilling and Hilda Wangelish capture in the person of this hereditary priest of the Aïssaouas, who plunges



SOLIMAN BEN AÏSSA.

bonnet-pins and daggerettes through his solid flesh with as much nonchalance as though he were spitting some dog of a Christian in the delirious ecstasy of a religious war.

It was in the cosy theatre of the Royal Aquarium, charged with memories of Rosalind, but of late dedicated to the sporting antics of the Boxing Kangaroo, that I snatched the fearful joy of witnessing a fellow-creature deliberately, and with apparent gusto, pierce and prod himself with polished pin and gleaming dagger, and, by the courtesy of the Fakir's manager, Herr Paul von Woringen, was enabled to glean a few interesting details of Hadj Soliman and his career before the stalwart Mussulman commenced his startling and sensational religious ceremony of thrusting long pins through his arm, his cheeks, his throat, holding his arm in a fierce flame, with a salamandrie *sang-froid* worthy of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego rolled into one, and driving a dagger into his abdominal region with as much determination as Cupid is understood to plunge his darts some six buttons higher up the waistcoat. Not that Soliman, the son of Aïssa, wears anything so prosaic as a waistcoat. Flowing Oriental garments of palest blue, with quite too lovely blue stockings, embroidered in white with the mystic figure of a serpent, lend him at once a picturesqueness and an Eastern glamour which are in happiest harmony with his reputation as a wonder-worker.

"M. Soliman ben Aïssa, being a Fakir priest, is unmarried, of course?" is one of my first questions, my general conception of Fakirie peculiarities not embracing the most shadowy suggestion of connubial bliss.

"Not at all; his wife is in France," said Herr von Woringen, who kindly acts as interpreter to the Arab priest.

"Has Soliman been engaged in this extraordinary work long?"

"He was initiated into the mysteries of the Aïssaoua priesthood at twelve years old, and has been practising its rites and mysteries ever since. He is virtually excommunicated, as the other priests do not at all like his travelling about, making a show of what they hold to be a sacred service."

"And how old is Soliman now?"

"Twenty-eight. He is a real priest, after the order of Mohamed ben Aïssa, and was born at Mequinez, in Morocco. His father and grandfather were also priests, the rank being hereditary. The grandfather is alive now, a man of ninety, and the head of the sect."

"And has he practised these remarkable feats all his life?"

"Oh, yes; from boyhood."

"Then, there can be nothing absolutely injurious in them?"

"Nothing at all."

"And does M. Soliman eat and drink as we do, or does he mortify the flesh with a vegetarian diet and total abstinence?"

"Oh, no. He is very temperate, but his diet is just the same as yours or mine."

"This business of sticking pins and daggers through his flesh is, then, a sort of hereditary right—a family privilege?"

"Exactly. There is no training or art about it—no hypnotism, mesmerism, or anything of the kind."

"Is the insensibility to pain due to a sort of exaltation of spirit, as it is not due to physical numbness?"

"Yes—a religious ecstasy. Soliman is still a believer in his creed, although he has chosen to exhibit its peculiar rites in this way. He is a well-read man, too, and was educated at the French University in Algiers."

By this time the theatre was filling with eager spectators, and I was compelled to give up the idea of any further personal chat.

Very soon Hadj Soliman ben Aïssa and my friend Herr von Woringen "took the floor," the former in a picturesque dress, of which a deep red fez formed a conspicuous feature, and a committee of one-and-twenty doctors and some three or four Pressmen mounted the platform to see fair-play.

It was soon evident that the excellent Soliman was not merely Morocco-bound, but, apparently, enjoyed the pachydermy of a rhinoceros, for he pierced himself with pins, prodded himself with daggers, hammers, tenpenny nails, or their equivalent, in the place where the third button of his waistcoat would have been had Poole tailored him, was bitten by a viper until it drew blood, and held his naked arm in a flame as though no such thing as pain existed.

To prove that his piercings were genuine, and not due to any ready-made apertures such as exist in the ears of ladies, he not only walked down among the audience, spitted and skewered in cheeks and neck and arms, but also showed, when he withdrew the pins, some spots of blood of undoubtedly genuine quality.

Curious to know whether there was any particular reason why I, too, should not enjoy an immunity from pain if I should inadvertently sit down upon a tin tack with the business part uppermost, or should cherish a viper in my bosom unaware, I made it my business, when the extraordinary show was over, to inquire whether Soliman was as the rest of us in the prosaic details of life as well as in dietary, and I found that he was, "Moderation in all things" being his only motto.

The Aïssaouan immunity from pain dates back three hundred years, when the founder of the sect, in anger, cursed his grumbling followers, who clamoured for food, saying: "Since you are hungry, I pray God that He may satisfy you with anything you may find on your way. You may eat stones, trees, serpents, or scorpions. All shall serve you as food, for I render you insensible against everything."

Worthy Mohammed's curse, as it happened, turned out to be even more futile than the famous Ingoldsby imprecation, for, not only did "nobody seem one penny the worse," but three hundred years later it has enabled a descendant of his priestly line to appear at the Royal Aquarium and exhibit his "insensibility" at the very consoling rate of £100 a week "and part participation in the profits," on which terms I am by no means sure that I would not myself be tempted to go in training for a Fakir, if I could be equally sure of securing in due course an engagement at the hands of a Josiah ben Ritchie.

A. G.

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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Should he steer clear of accident, T. Loates is almost certain to head the list of winning jockeys at the end of the present season, and well will he deserve the honour, for since Lincoln he has worked with tireless energy and unflagging zeal. He has already ridden in close on five hundred and fifty races since he scored on Cabin Boy in the opening race at Lincoln last March, and he has been first, second, or third on more than three hundred occasions. Loates is one of the few riders who can be relied upon to act as ordered, and this always when he is astride of a horse whose peculiarities he is not familiar with.

Mr. James Ryan, who is one of the largest of the Newmarket trainers—indeed, he has sixty horses under his charge, besides having

a large stud-farm to look after—is of Scotch extraction, and before coming south he used to train several steeple-chase horses for Mr. J. H. Houldsworth and others. Strange to say, all Mr. Ryan's masters are Scotchmen. These include Mr. Houldsworth, ex-Steward of the Jockey Club, who does not bet, Mr. Douglas Baird, who will not have his horses flogged, Mr. Younger, Mr. J. Wallace, and Mr. W. W. Cox, who was, I believe, born in Scotland, although he made his money in Australia. Unfortunately, the stable just now contains many unreliable animals, that may at any time run first or last, as history proves the Springfield stock is not to be

*Photo by H. R. Sherborn, Newmarket.*

MR. J. RYAN.

trusted. Mr. Ryan is a good judge of a racehorse, and is an adept in the art of placing, so that he can be relied upon to win races when his horses are good enough. The Newmarket sportsmen are indebted to him for producing good sport with the draghounds, which he has carried on for some years. He lives in a fine house, and entertains liberally.

Loates must be a rich man now, even for a jockey. He is retained by the patrons of Jewitt's stable and also, I believe, by the Rothschilds. The fee for a winning mount, as fixed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, is five guineas, but I think I am safe in asserting that Loates has never received this figure only. Like his brother Charles, Tom has a retentive memory, and at the finish of a race can accurately describe it.

Already a lot of betting has taken place over the Autumn Handicaps, and in the Continental lists as much money has gone on Ragimunde as for anything for the Cesarewitch. It is felt that Alec Taylor must get another good winner presently, and as the season is fast drawing to a close he must soon act if he wants to pick up the gold this year. For the Cambridgeshire, Marcion is being backed as though the colt had been thrown in, the argument used by the plunger being that it is impossible to weight this horse out of the race. We shall see. In the meantime, I hope the French horses will be weighted up to their best form. It will be remembered that Mr. Edward Weatherby decided to give up handicapping after Plaisanterie had won the double event, though this may have had nothing to do with his decision. It is rumoured that the Frenchmen are preparing for a grand coup. Let us hope that Major Egerton will treat them so that they will have to win on their merits.

As Amiable ran at York in the name and colours of Lord Lurgan, Lord Cadogan's son-in-law will thus appear in the list of winning owners. In the palmy days of the Chetwynd-Wood era Lord Lurgan was a very prominent figure, and on more than one occasion his speculations caused the ring some trouble, as when the good thing came along he was not afraid to put the money down. Now, however, things are changed, and, although his pleasant face may be seen at the society meetings and Newmarket, his Lordship, except the half share he has in Amiable, has no other representative to carry his colours.

We shall have a very busy season under National Hunt Rules—that is, if the weather keeps open. The Epsom stables are full, and there are a lot of jumpers being trained at Lewes. Swatton loses a good patron in Mr. Duff, but he has about forty horses in training, and Gatland has, I believe, a long string of good animals under his charge. On the other hand, Harding's establishment at Banbury is to be broken up, and Mr. Gubbins declines the sport. I hope Colonel North will once more patronise the game, and I am pleased to hear that one or two of Ryan's patrons are to run horses under National Hunt Rules. The brothers Woodland have 100 horses between them. Halsey has a large number at Findon. Craddock has a good string at Wroughton.



## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

To-day, thank goodness, it is cooler! The heat of the *Ville Lumière*, until this all-blessed change, has only been, on an average, 95 deg. Fahr. *in the shade!* Not a soul has been seen on the boulevards in the daytime for nearly a week, and the houses of both rich and poor, with their shutters up and doors closed, make one think of a city of the dead. In the evening one becomes more venturesome, and drives to a favourite café, where the principal topics are, first, the heat, and then elections, one quite as fatiguing and wearying as the other. Talking of the latter, by-the-bye, several members implicated in the Panama scandals have been re-elected, I see. One is uncertain which to do, admire the public's forgiveness, or condemn them for upholding men whose infamous conduct made the name of the French Government a byword for the rest of Europe so short a time ago.

In the Champs Elysées and the principal avenues the chestnut-trees are blooming for the second time. They look very woebegone, like the rest of Paris just now, for not a single leaf remains on the boughs, all having been scorched off by the torrid sun long before their time.

Baron Édouard de Rothschild has devoted all the money won in prizes by his beautiful yacht, the *Bettina*, to the orphanage of St. Michael, at Fécamp. This home is devoted to the free education of the children of sailors lost at sea, and is most admirably kept and quite one of the places to see while visiting Fécamp, noted for its Bénédicte works.

Coaching seems to be gaining much popularity in France. A new one is running from Etretat to Havre, driven by Mr. Ballantyne, and called the "Wanderer." This will prove, no doubt, a great additional attraction to this pretty watering-place, which is sadly needed, as of late years the visitors have not been exactly of the *haut ton*, but rather of happy-go-lucky Margate style, the husbands arriving in shoals on Saturday and leaving by the first train on Monday. This year, I am told, there are several nice American families, but next to no English.

Quite a *fin-de-siècle* separation has lately taken place between a very rich country squire and his wife, a charming woman. They were staying at a seaside place, where they made the acquaintance of an American woman, a widow with three charming children. The husband soon became much enamoured of *l'étrangère*, who was very ugly, and at the end of the month they disappeared at the same time. The deserted wife received the following laconic letter shortly afterwards: "My dear,—As you no longer please me, I am going away with Madame L.," to which an equally brief reply from the outraged wife was sent: "Bon voyage."

At the Eden, Marie Lloyd is delighting everybody by her songs and dances. Émilienne d'Alençon does the serpentine dance, and receives tons of flowers every night from her many admirers, while three English sisters do most graceful skirt dancing, which is becoming quite the rage in France as well as in England.

A most tragic ending to a love affair has caused great excitement at Le Mans. Mdlle. Camille Marconnet, aged seventeen, the daughter of a rich merchant of Montbéliard, was deeply in love with a soldier in the 26th Regiment of Artillery, Ernest Raith, who suddenly died of *angina pectoris*, at the age of eighteen. A week afterwards the girl escaped from home with a servant, and went to Le Mans, where the regiment was stationed. She went to the barracks to try to see a former friend of her lover, but, finding him away on furlough, she commenced a search through all the cemeteries of the town, in the hope of finding her loved one's grave. She returned finally to the hotel, finding her efforts useless, and shot herself through the right temple. Letters were subsequently found, in which she said: "I can no longer live, now that Ernest is dead. God must have been very angry with me to cause me such grief as that." She entreats to be buried in the same grave as her lover, and her letters prove that she was most desperately in love with him, and that she could not exist without him. It is a most sad affair for their relations, as both of the victims were so young and liked by all who knew them.

At Epernay a most sensational application for £8 a month has been made to the authorities by the Baronne de Féruccac against her father-in-law, for the support of her seven-year-old son and herself. It seems that the young Baron de Féruccac made her acquaintance at a theatre, she being a milliner at the time. He became very much in love, and married her soon afterwards, against his father's consent. They lived together for some time happily, until a sister of the Baron's, living at Biarritz, invited him to go and stay with her. This he did, and meeting a young Irish lady there, endowed with youth, good looks, and riches, he fell in love with her, and refused to go back to his wife; instead, he went and lived with his father. The poor young mother supported herself and child as long as she could, and finally brought the action against the Baron de Féruccac, who has since agreed to pay £45 yearly for his grandson.

MIMOSA.

## PROSPECTIVE JOYS.

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?"

YOUNG WIFE: "That's what she wants to see you about. She read the despatch."—*Life*.





Aug. 30, 1893

THE SKETCH.

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MR. JOHN BRYN ROBERTS, M.P.

## MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN.

The scene at the murder trial in "A Woman's Revenge," when Miss Empsie Bowman (Drummond's daughter) is in the witness-box, presents a striking contrast to the home picture of the little actress in the family circle at Fulham.

When I paid my visit to Miss Empsie in the interests of *The Sketch* I surprised her whistling "Home, Sweet Home" to Joey, her pet canary, while of her two sisters at home, Maggie was reading and



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*  
MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN.

Nellie working. Isa, the eldest, was away playing Hatty in "Niobe" on tour. Naturally, I felt a little shy under the scrutiny of so many wondering eyes, but Mrs. Bowman stepped forward reassuringly, and my timidity vanished.

I would gladly have interviewed all three of these little Graces, whose luxuriant heads of curly hair would bring a fortune to a vendor of a patent hair restorer, but Empsie was distinctly the "woman of the hour," as being now before the public nightly at the Adelphi, whereas her sisters, albeit accomplished little actresses, are "resting." So to Empsie I more particularly addressed myself.

"Does your present part affect you very much?" I first asked the little doll-like actress, whose pink-and-white complexion, traversed by a few blue veins about the temples, looked all the more delicate, perhaps, under her great crown of dark curls.

"No, I'm not at all affected. Why should I be? It's not real. Oh, yes, I like the part immensely; besides, Mr. Warner is so easy to act with; he is so sympathetic, and that makes a great difference."

"And I suppose you are very fond of your profession?"

"Yes, as long as I get a good part, and a long one, too. I love going on the stage; besides, it obliges me to sit up late, and I like that. When I am not engaged I go to bed much too soon, I think."

"Now, tell me how do you little girls go to work when you have your parts sent to you?"

"Let me see. Well, we first read them through. Then we say, 'We don't generally play such poor parts, being accustomed to lead; however, just for this once we'll condescend to accept them.'" And the three laughed heartily at this humorous reminiscence.

"I'll tell you how Empsie learns her parts," interposed Maggie, the original Bootles' Baby. "It's like magic. She puts the book under her pillow, and she knows the lines by the next morning. Then, she's never content with only learning her own part, but always knows the cues of the whole company."

"And when did you commence your long and eventful career?" I next asked the eleven-year-old little lady.

"It's longer ago than I can remember. I was between four and five, wasn't I, Mother, when I danced the hornpipe at some of the benefits at the Stratford Theatre?"

"And, I suppose, professionally you are somewhat ambitious?"

"Yes; I think so. I'm looking forward generally to Ellen Terry's parts. I suppose you will agree that that's ambitious," replied the little witch, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Well, tell me what else you have done."

"I was rather successful in the doubled parts of the Dormouse and the Sailor Ghost in 'Alice in Wonderland' at the Globe, and as Polly and General Punchikoff in 'The Rose and the Ring' at the Prince of Wales's Theatre."

At this moment I was astonished at hearing a tearing upstairs. The sitting-room door was banged open, and in rushed Bruno, who was anxious to be interviewed, and although he was introduced by Miss Nellie as "a thoroughbred mongrel," and had been honourably named after the half-title of Lewis Carroll's latest story—a work, by-the-way, dedicated by the author to Isa Bowman—I felt compelled to refuse his request, when he retired downstairs to seek the sympathy of the cat that had devoured the guinea-pig a week ago.

"I'm afraid I must resume my biographical inquisition, Miss Empsie, if you don't mind."

"Oh, no! But where was I? Oh, I know. I posed in the tableaux at the Danish Exhibition. I was the Japanese boy in Hans Andersen's 'Nightingale,' and the little girl in 'The Emperor's New Clothes.' Then I went to America. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal offered me an engagement; but I joined Mr. Mansfield's company in New York, and played Edward Plantagenet and understudied the Duke of York."

"Afterwards you had the honour of playing with the Kendals, had you not?"

"Yes, I was Daisy Desmond in 'A White Lie,' Jack in 'The Silver Shell,' and Dolly in 'Marriage' in 1892."

"And that was one of Empsie's greatest successes," gently remarked Mrs. Bowman. "But you have forgotten to mention, Empsie, that you played in 'The Trumpet Call,' and that you were Cupid in 'The Bride of Love.'"

"Well, for a little girl not yet twelve, I think you have done pretty well. And what's to be your next engagement?"

"Oh, we are all three going to play in the next Christmas pantomime in Dublin. It's my first pantomime, and I'm to be the principal fairy. Maggie and Nellie will be Jack and Jill."

"Well, I wish you all every success," I said, as I got up to go.

As I descended I heard the tinkle, tinkle of Empsie's banjo, so I felt she had not found the ordeal of her first interview very trying.—T. H. L.



*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*  
MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN IN "A WOMAN'S REVENGE."



*Photo by F. Clark, Alice Road, Stratford.*  
MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN READY TO DANCE A SAILOR'S HORNPIPE.



*Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.*  
IN THE TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT THE DANISH EXHIBITION.



*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*  
AS POLLY IN "THE ROSE AND THE RING."



*Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*  
AS GENERAL PUNCHIKOFF IN "THE ROSE AND THE RING."

## SMALL TALK.

The little Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is thirteen years of age to-day. The future ruler of Holland—for at present her mother acts as Queen-Regent—is a great contrast to grim King William III., whose daughter, by his second wife, Wilhelmina is. The young Queen has some relationship with the English Royal Family, for she is the niece of the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty's pleasant features are familiar to collectors of postage-stamps, where their youthfulness appropriately match the face of the little King of Spain. Wilhelmina



*Photo by Couvée, The Hague.*

THE QUEEN REGENT AND QUEEN WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS.

ever since her accession to the throne in 1890 has been intensely popular, nor does she lack *savoir faire*. With queenly dignity she appears in the few public functions in which the parental prudence allows her to take a part.

The Queen has had the advantage of careful tuition from an English lady of high attainments, Miss Winter, who speaks most affectionately of her royal pupil. The little Queen promises to be an admirable linguist, like so many of her subjects. She speaks English very well indeed, and it is not unlikely will shortly visit this country as the guest of the Duchess of Albany. There is not an occupant of any European throne towards whom English people, who have had the beneficent rule of a queen for so many years, should direct warmer sympathies than to Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

A correspondent who recently had an opportunity of seeing the Czarina states that he has never seen her Imperial Majesty look more youthful, elegant, and handsome—a picture of womanly grace, health, and cheeriness. It is added that of late the Czar has given strict orders that the police and soldiery are, as much as possible, to give the lower classes an opportunity of seeing their Majesties when driving abroad or taking part in public ceremonials, it having come to the notice of his Majesty that poorly clad persons are constantly beaten and driven away on such occasions.

The Archduchess Stéphanie of Austria has just returned from a delightful trip to the North Cape, the fjords, and Christiania. However, the midnight sun declined to show itself, as has frequently been the case this season. Her Imperial Highness also went for a trip in a Lapp boat up the Tana River, the greatest river in Northern Europe, and swarming with salmon. At Alten a perfect specimen of the white, long-haired "Fin" dog was purchased for a sum of £12, an unheard-of price in those parts. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by-the-way, possesses another fine specimen, presented, it is said, by the late King Charles XV. The Archduchess, on her return journey, happened to meet King Oscar on board his yacht Drott off the Swedish coast.

The little Prince Waldemar of Prussia, son of Prince Henry, has been presented with a delightful little pet by a Danish yachtsman—namely, a tame seal cub.

Princess Waldemar of Denmark had the misfortune of injuring a blind man the other day while out driving. Her Royal Highness at once jumped from the vehicle, had the man placed in it and driven to the nearest hospital, herself following on foot to make inquiries. He was, luckily, but little hurt, and was quite satisfied with a handsome solatium given him by her Royal Highness.

The arrival of the Queen at Balmoral Castle completes the heavy list of fashionable visitors to Deeside for the season. The lovely valley of the Dee never looked better than it does just now. Its popularity, secured long since by her Majesty's love of her Highland home, grows year by year, and at the present moment the villages along the banks of the river are full to overflowing with visitors from this side of the Border. At Ballater, where extensive buildings are being run up for the reception of the Queen's saloon carriages, and at Braemar lodgings of every kind, from the spacious hotel to the humble cottar's dwelling, are at a ransom, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Bearing on this very subject, a correspondent writes: "The valley of the Dee is undoubtedly popular from its own natural beauty, but the fashion set by the Queen has led visitors to overlook the parallel valley of the Don, which in many respects deserves far greater attention than it has hitherto received. If one wants a good holiday, away from the trammels of city society, one should cross country from the one river to the other. It is true the facilities for doing so are not great, but with two good legs the traveller can spend a far happier time crossing the heather hills on foot than in a stuffy coach or jolting car. That is what I did the other week. I had spent a few days in the lovely village of Aboyne, on the Dee, to find it crammed with fashionable townsfolk. I wanted to get rid of the town for the nonce, so one fine morning I equipped myself with a waterproof coat and set out from Dinnet, some five miles further up the river. The Union Jack fluttered in the wind over the massive house which the Wilsons of Tranby Croft fame have built at Dinnet, but I soon left it behind, and with it the last touch of up-to-date rusticity."

"Fourteen miles across country—through fertile corn-lands, through delightful fir forests, through flat moorland, and over dark purpling hills—lay before me, but I did not catch a glimpse of Fashion all the way, if I except the serviceable carriage in which the new Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, with his wife and family, were ambling stationwards, after fêting their tenantry on the previous day. Yet the road, in Kipling language, went 'sliding past' all too soon, and I found myself by early afternoon in the valley of the Don, and a lovely valley it is. The shooting-lodges along its banks are all occupied, but the casual tourist, whose taste does not lie in the way of grouse slaughter, knows it not. Away up in the reaches of the river by Strathdon and Lonach there is enough and to spare for the tourist, but he prefers—largely from ignorance, is it not?—to 'rusticate' in a crowded hotel with a fashionable *table d'hôte* on Deeside.

"Far up the river I found a curious sight. In a homely farmhouse, beautifully surrounded by hills, I found a London lady, who had unearthed a quaint old spinning-wheel, over which she sat, like the dainty maid in 'Yeomen of the Guard,' spinning intently with deft fingers. It was a pretty sight, for, as someone has it, there is 'a charm for the weary ear in the witching wile of the whirling wheel.' And it is more than a fad, for I found in the same region a maiden who spins enough wherewith to clothe her father and brothers. Altogether, it was a very pleasant surprise, and recalled

Those days of old, ere the world waxed cold,  
The days of the shield and spear,  
When maid and matron saved their gold,  
And fashioned their wardrobe gear;  
The spouse of the poor man, dame of peer,  
Were deft at the rock and the sing-song reel.  
Alas, it is past!

But is it really past, after all? Such sights give those of us who would bring back the better part of the old days some heartening."

Blair Castle, where festivities to commemorate the coming of age of the Marquis of Tullibardine, the son and heir of the Duke of Athole, were in full swing last week, though it boasts but few architectural beauties, is magnificently situated, and has a great historic interest. It was built by the first Earl of Athole in the fifteenth century, but it was not till the seventeenth that the events which give it a claim to the lovers of history occurred within its ancient walls. It was garrisoned in 1644 by the noble Montrose, and nine years later was stormed by the English under Old Noll himself. In 1689 it was occupied by Claverhouse, and in the old church behind it sleeps that dashing and determined soldier, who fell on the bloody field of Killiecrankie hard by in the same year. Blair Castle also sustained a siege when occupied by the Duke of Cumberland, the supporters of the Pretender having invested it just before their defeat at Culloden. It may be sincerely hoped that the young Marquis will have a more prosperous career than his namesake and ancestor, who was "out" with the Earl of Mar in 1715, and was a staunch supporter of the House of Stuart.

When a history of the revolutions of the nineteenth century comes to be written the revolt against the chimney-pot hat which took place in the Metropolis during the tropical summer of 1893 will surely find a place. Though possibly unimportant in its results to a long-suffering humanity, it is none the less extraordinary, for in the matter of conventional costume no one is harder to move than the average Englishman, particularly the business Englishman, whose fetish the tall hat for has been so many years. Not only M.P.'s and club men, Government clerks, and West-End tradesmen rushed readily into the straw, and discarded the beaver—or, rather, silk—but in that "hub" of conventionality, the City itself, a light and airy costume became for some days the rule rather than the exception. I am told that even the Governor of the Bank of England issued an edict allowing the numerous sons of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street to appear in that Temple of Mammon clad in light clothes and straw hats.

What a crushing and crowding there was, to be sure, at the "Abington" Baird sale a day or two since, which took place at that well-known haunt of former revelry, 36, Curzon Street. It was the single excitement of the week, so, of course, I went to it—more, indeed, with a view to discovering if there were any people left in town with whom I could exchange an idea than bidding for poor Baird's stuffed bears or silver candelabra. As a matter of fact, there was quite a little gathering of people. By this I do not mean the dealer fraternity, being of opinion that, if the rude old proverb which declared a tailor but the ninth part of a man were true, the undiluted and highly flavoured dealer is a much lesser section. No; there was plenty of the Mayfair element at the sale, but all were very apologetic for being seen in town, and insistent as to the fact of only "just passing through, so I thought I'd drop in, don't you know?" The costly geegaws which "Mr. Abington" had so lavishly got together did not go, I noticed, for the traditional song, notwithstanding the fact, too, that August is the close season for sales. Chippendale clocks, sculptured marbles, carved screens, rare engravings, Watteau panels, and the rest of them brought decidedly picturesque prices, and the billiard-table, where many a thousand was staked on a game and won or lost by the reckless owner with equal jollity, fetched an equivalent of ninety guineas. "Dear, dear!" I heard an innocent old lady exclaim as I came out, "what excellent taste the poor man had for a bachelor!"

No. 4, Bennett Street, St. James's, now in the hands of the builder for the treatment of some or other of those ills to which bricks and mortar, no matter how substantially put together, are heir, claims, though no tablet on its face commemorates the fact, the interest of all lovers of English poetry. Here, in 1813 and 1814, Byron lived, and here he wrote "The Corsair," "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Giaour." Whether Bennett Street—which was then spelt Bennet—is called after some freeholder of that name, or derives its title from that St. Bennet who was the patron saint of the great Scottish house of Seton, I cannot say, but I am inclined to fancy the latter, as the poet sometimes dated his letters "Benedictine Street," and Bennet and Benedict are, I believe, the same saintly person. At all events, it seems to me that, when the present repairs are completed, an excellent finishing touch would be a tablet such as marks the home of Walpole in the adjoining Arlington Street.

"Twixt the cup and the lip there is many a slip," and from all accounts it seems possible that, after months of waiting and various law-suits, the sale of the great Savernake property to Lord Iveagh may fall through. His Lordship is weary of waiting for the various preliminaries to be settled, which, nevertheless, must be done before he can enter into occupation. The drag on the wheel at the present moment is, I understand, the annuity to be paid to the Marchioness of Ailesbury, and should this not be definitely arranged by Michaelmas Day, Lord Iveagh has obtained the sanction of the Court to cancel his bargain. For all concerned I hope the matter may be arranged. The magnificent estate and the tenants on it would, I should imagine, be all the better for the ownership of so affluent a landlord as Lord Iveagh.

The inhabitants of Richmond are much disturbed at the prospect of the "Isolation Hospital" to be built in their midst, and are anxiously waiting the decision of the Dysart Trustees, who have suggested Petersham Meadows, which, undoubtedly, would be a very suitable spot.

With the fall of the temperature it is to be hoped that the wasp plague will depart. A few days ago at one shooting-box in Essex life was unbearable at meals. The wasps, who arrived in battalions, paid unremitting attention to every article of food, and buzzed round the heads of the unfortunate guests, who momentarily expected to fall victims to their ferocity—not an enviable prospect when it is known that two cases have lately occurred in which ladies have succumbed from their poisonous stings.

The Torquay Regatta, always a function of note to the dwellers in that charming town, took place on Monday week, and a very exciting race between the Prince of Wales's yacht Britannia and three other crack sailing-boats was the event of the occasion. Good things were hoped from Mr. Clarke's Satanita, and many fair dames among the owner's friends pledged themselves mightily in gloves on the result. Matters were soon declared against this naughtily named boat, however, by the fact of one of the crew falling overboard. Fortunately, he was rescued.

The spirit of graceful raillery with which Mr. Burdett-Coutts garnished his trippingly delivered speech on the occasion of opening the Westminster Baths last week was quite a model of airy eloquence. There is nothing like practice after all, and the prolonged agonies of Parliament have, if nothing else, done wonderful things in burnishing the style of members on both sides of the House. Mr. Burdett-Coutts, to cap all this, let fall one or two pearls of metaphor in alluding to the twin function of opening the Free Library in Westminster, performed by Baroness Burdett-Coutts on the same day, and was altogether very effective. The new library, which is a very imposing structure, has cost £14,000, and, curiously enough, is built close to the site on which Caxton's first printing press was erected. A copy of the first book printed by that mediaeval pioneer of literature was presented to the Baroness at the close of the proceedings, after which the aforesaid opening of the new baths gave Mr. Burdett-Coutts the opportunity of drawing on his reserve of wit and appropriate Latin quantities.

"No man is a master of the influenza," writes Robert Louis Stevenson to the Editor of the *Illustrated London News*. The great novelist, concerning whom all sorts of erroneous rumours have been lately floating, is now in fairly good health. Mr. Stevenson has recently sent to England from his island home in Samoa some evidences of his renewed literary labours, sparkling with the genius which not even influenza and its *sequela* have dulled.

"What a silly girl I am!" That is what the subject of this pretty picture has often told the doughty Mr. Porter of whom she used to sing. Of course, Miss Marie Lloyd is very far from being that, but the frankness of the confession is characteristic of the lady on the stage. You can see from her face that she is just such a one as will put herself on the most friendly terms with her audience, and that is the keynote of the enormous popularity of the music hall in these latter days. Marie Lloyd is one of the great ones of the profession in which she lives and moves, hovering on that borderland, difficult to delimit, which runs between the "alls" and the stage. Her appearance



*Photo by Falk, New York.*

MARIE LLOYD.

in the Drury Lane pantomime added very distinctly to her reputation, giving promise that in the lighter aspect of stage work, at least, she would make good headway. Her songs have the merit of a pretty air, never more so than in the chorus of the catching "Twiggey-vous, my Boys," to the sounds of which from the depths of the pert piano-organ the London child dances with such an infinite sense of enjoyment.

"I notice under the head of 'Small Talk,'" writes a correspondent, "in your issue of Aug. 23, a paragraph relating to advertising boards in rural districts, and, as I am connected with 'a certain patent medicine,' I wish to bear witness to the accuracy of your 'Small Talk' in that the 'cost of these *hateful* advertisements and the annual rental must be considerable.' It is most expensive, and so is most newspaper advertising, and were it otherwise such a unique publication as *The Sketch* would not be sold for sixpence. Your 'Small Talker' threatens that, so far as he is concerned, 'the money will be thrown away indeed.' I am sorry, for he may be the martyr to his sentimentality. That the money is thrown away, there is no doubt; it is thrown among carpenters, sign painters, fixers, and largely among a class of people for whom we all have the greatest sympathy, one of whom has to-day written to my firm as follows: 'When travelling to London the other day, I was struck with the advertisement boards by the side of the line, and it occurred to me you may like to put one up by the side of the main road from —— to —— and ——, and as I have a field adjoining the road close to the village of —— and another field in the village, perhaps you will make me an offer. In these depressed times for the farmer, we must be on the look-out, as every little helps. I don't know if you keep the stands ready made, or I could, of course, get it done by our local carpenter.' In the face of such solicitations, this 'Small Talk' looks too much like 'tall talk'; but we must all talk sometimes, and I have talked enough for your columns."

Another member of the Society of Friends—a group within whose borders many choice spirits dwell—who was decidedly a man of light and leading, has just died.

The late Mr. John Horniman had in his long life of ninety years been mindful of his co-religionist Whittier's words; he has done many kindly acts of generosity, remembering that "but once we pass this way." He was born at Reading, and was for the greater part of his life engaged in the immense tea business familiar to most people all over the world. From commerce he retired in 1869. He was a benevolent supporter of all the charities which careful investigation showed were worthy of his support, and in him England loses one of those merchant princes who

THE LATE MR. JOHN HORNIMAN.

excited the admiration of M. Taine when that eminent critic reviewed the social life of this country in essays almost forgotten. Mr. Horniman's death will be felt by many a treasurer of societies, although much of his liberality was anonymous.

There was an amusing account given by Miss Letty Lind of the demands on her time and her skill as a teacher of dancing by a mother of a society beauty. "I want you," said that lady, "to teach my daughter to dance. She must know your cymbal dance in 'Morocco Bound' by Sunday." "And this is Thursday," said Miss Lind. "Has she had any lessons before?" "Oh, dear, no! But I have a dinner party on Sunday, and—" "The dance," cried the indignant actress, "that you wish me to teach your daughter in three days took me three weeks to learn, and she has no previous knowledge of dancing!" "Then I must go elsewhere." "Do!" cried Miss Lind, and the interview ended.

When the inventor of the serpentine dance was first in England, and had failed to interest the public in more serious rôles, she was said to be in great straits. She was engaged at this period by the Gaiety Company as understudy to Miss Nellie Farren. La Loë drifted to Paris, invented the serpentine, and became the rage. On her return to the English audiences as a queen, where she had left a slave, she stipulated in her agreement that "no ladies were to be on the stage while she danced," fearing her companions might be tempted to steal and copy her invention. One evening, just as the glorious butterfly appeared on the stage, she spied a lady at the wings. She stopped short, and in a loud voice, exclaimed, "Remove that woman!" Those who heard her were forced to obey; but the woman was none other than the charming and graceful Miss Letty Lind.

Most diverting accounts of the state of things at Trouville have been sent me by a friend who betook himself last week to that gayest of watering-places for the Grand Prix. "A plague of people," he says, "from Honfleur, Havre, and everywhere have turned in here for the races, and as for a bed! Bathing boxes are clamoured for, and impromptu tents, full of wasps and mosquitoes, are let by the night at siege prices. Dozens of English here, and all the crack racing fraternity from Paris and elsewhere. Comte Florian de Kergorlay is very proud of the race-course, as he may well be, seeing that his generous interest has brought it to its present state of perfection. Lord and Lady Wolverton, Captain

the Hon. R. Greville, both the Barons de Rothschild, Alphonse and Edmond, Prince Murat, Lord Shrewsbury, Captain Arthur Boyd, Due de Morny, Due de Brissac, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ridgeway, and dozens more. Dry weather and delightful women. I am quite happy." I should think he was, indeed. Marie Lloyd was singing at the Casino, and a big success. Vanoni has been footing it also very merrily. As for social events, my friend describes himself as being over head and ears in gaiety, a grand ball given by the Comtesse de Taulay, at which all the "best people" appeared, being the event of the week. The gaming rooms are filled to the last man, but, as the maximum stake is two francs, one cannot plunge very desperately there. The English yachts in the harbour are the Marchesa, North Star, Stella, Monsoon, Gladwyn, Red Eagle, besides lots of smaller ones, of course. Meanwhile, race balls, bicyclette races, coaching wagers, and every imaginable festivity combine to make it one of the gayest weeks on record even in much-affected Trouville.

Le Tréport—why the French add the "Le" I cannot tell: it would be equally sensible to speak of The Portsmouth—is having a brilliant season, though almost ignored by English and Americans. Why they avoid Tréport is a mystery; it is easily accessible via Abbeville or Dieppe, has splendid bathing on both sand and pebbles, and has pretty country on all sides save one. The consequence is that it is a genuine French watering-place; one cannot even find a changer of foreign money in the town, though it is of some magnitude. Certainly, the French, when their manners are not modified by a foreign element, are a curious study to one who knows the language and something of the habits of the people.

One observation on the people I cannot help making, though it is unkindly. They have an exaggerated love of salt and apparent horror of fresh water. Half of them bathe more than once a day, though it costs twice as much to get into the sea as in England, and take their full money's worth in point of time, but a painfully large number in their walk to the sea show that they rarely try the effect of soap and water on the human skin. The colour of the liberally displayed legs would sadden the heart of a Pears or a Cleaver. On this subject I have another curious remark: the French show either an almost exaggerated care of their hands and nails or none at all. It is a case of black or white. Now, in such matters grey is the commoner colour in the English upper middle class.

Perhaps the biggest thing in engagements, musical, dramatic, or variety show, has just been made by Madame Adelina Patti. The ever-green and ever-popular diva arrives in America in October next, and will sing at forty concerts in the States (places not yet fixed), for which she will receive the modest little fortune of exactly £40,000. Notes in one's voice, indeed—bank notes, in fact, and to a very pretty tune.

## A LAMENT FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.

BY MR. WILLIAM ALLAN, M.P.

### A WAY!

Away from this babble and din,  
Away from this Temple of Talk,  
Away from this marching out and in  
Of the lobbies' weary walk.  
Away to the hills and the streams!  
Away to the mountains and moors!  
Where Nature breathes her brightest dreams  
And the cheerless soul allures.  
Oh! for the rugged land,  
Oh! for the torrents grand,  
Oh! for the heather, the loch, and the lea,  
Banishing rack and care,  
Breathing the mountain air,  
Again! once again! Oh! 'tis there I would be.  
  
Away from the hurry and noise,  
Away from the glamour and show,  
Away from this round of soulless joys,  
Which ever wildly flow.  
Away with a rod and a line  
To the stream in a lonely glen,  
Where the soft winds sigh thro' the pine  
And the curlew cries on the Ben.  
Oh! for this loneliness,  
Oh! for this happiness,  
Oh! for the heather, the loch, and the lea,  
Bearing no bond or ban,  
Feeling a nobler man,  
Again! once again! Oh! 'tis there I would be.

## A CHAIR IN THE PARK.

The Park was nearly empty. The Row was a desert, and even under the trees there were but few people. The shade was very welcome, but even there the air was almost intolerably hot, so hot that one could not even sleep, so, giving up the attempt, I started moralising instead.

Opposite, a chair had been displaced and stood out in the path. I fell to trying to work up a little sentiment about it and the people who had sat in it, and slept in it, and flirted in it since it had been



THE FAT MAN BEAMS.



IN UNCOMPROMISING BLACK.

placed there. But it was difficult to keep up that train of thought. A Park chair is an unsentimental thing; but, then, it struck me that it would be amusing to watch the different types and characters who would use it while I was there.

The first that came along was interesting—a fat man, in a very light grey suit, with a white straw hat, and with a face whose lines ran in voluptuous curves. He dropped with a dull thud into the chair, mopped his forehead, lit a big cigar, and beamed around him. Evidently the weather was not too much for him, or, at any rate, he was not the man to fret at what could not be helped. It was hot, very hot; very well, it would be cooler by-and-by, and in the meantime, why a cigar and a chair in the shade were good enough to go on with. I think he would have liked someone to talk to, someone to whom he could have expressed his content with the weather and his pity for those poor mortals who found it too hot for them. However, his nearest neighbours were an elderly lady of severe aspect, thin of person, dressed in sepulchral and uncompromising black, who seemed to regard



A GLOOMY AND THOUGHTFUL AIR.

everybody and everything within range of her black, bright little eyes with much dissatisfaction, and a horsey-looking young man in an obtrusively striped suit, who gazed at a copy of the *Sporting Life* with a gloomy and thoughtful air, which had also some surprise and even a touch of indignation in it. Perhaps the last "little bit on" had not "come off," and perhaps that was why he was here instead of down at Hastings or Margate. The fat man evidently did not feel drawn towards either of his neighbours, and, rising slowly, he took two or three long and luxurious puffs at his cigar and waddled away, still beaming.

The chair was immediately taken by a small boy who had been poking his nose over my pencil with great interest but scant courtesy. He came round behind me again in a few minutes, and, I am afraid, was rather disappointed; he said nothing, but sniffed audibly as he departed.

Most of the people round about were moving now. The old lady in black quitted her chair, bestowing a glance of great scorn on the young man with the stripes, who, forlornly casting away his newspaper, moved dejectedly off.

Presently along came a parson. He, too, was hot; the chair stood invitingly in his path, and he sat down. I was sorry—very sorry—to



THE SMALL BOY SITS FOR HIS PORTAIT.



I RECTIFIED THOSE LITTLE MATTERS.

observe that, all unmindful of his high office, he had not got short trousers, nor low shoes with white stockings, nor a baggy umbrella. This, I felt, was a revolt against all the traditions of caricature; but I did not feel justified in remonstrating with him. I rectified these little matters as I sketched him, and I trust when he sees his portrait (no doubt, like all good parsons, he reads his *Sketch*) he will take the hint I have endeavoured to convey as delicately as possible. After him came a pretty girl with a book, in which, however, she did not seem particularly interested; and presently she vanished in the direction of the Row, down which I saw someone in frock coat and shiniest of hats hurrying towards her at a terrific pace. Evidently that young man regarded the heat as little as the fat man.

It was not late, but I saw the chair-man hurrying round the corner, and, being of an economical turn of mind, I strolled unobtrusively away. This is the approved manner of dealing with what Mr. Robert Buchanan might call "The Coming Terror." E. G.



"I AM WAITING AND WATCHING FOR THEE."

## HORS D'OEUVRES.

The present silly season has brought one thing of beauty and joy for ever my way. I have been permitted to see the prospectus of a new "Royal Societies Club." This seems to be intended for a club of the usual sort, only that the bond of union is to be membership of royal and learned societies, whose name is Legion, for they are many—ahem! Here the F.R.S. in all his glory will meet the humbler F.R.A.S., and both will carouse with the F.R.B.S., the gay F.R.G.S., and the hilarious F.R.H.S. Here the B.A.Ass., B.Ast.Ass., the Brit.Ass., and all other wild Asses may quench their thirst. Here the dew of their mountains may flow to delight the F.S.A.Scot. and the M.R.Scot.S.Arts, not to mention the members of the Inst.E. and S.Scot., and the Mic.Soc.Scot.

It is a beautiful prospect. Here, in one august club, may be concentrated the cream of the arts and sciences of the country—the initiated aristocracy of intellect—the flower of all the royal societies—the élite of them that read papers and listen to the sanie. What a noble and beautiful future might there be for this institution—a sort of arsenal of learning, containing all weapons, from the great gun of the Royal Society down to the small-bore of the local branch of some harmless humbug of an organisation which gives its initials in exchange for general sympathy and a couple of guineas!

But I would respectfully suggest that the club should be called by a new name. The Royal Societies Club is a cumbrous and awkward title. One wants a shorter name, suitable for articulation in the small hours of the morning, after supper. What policeman would have the patience to wait while some M.Bib.A. (Member of the Bibulous Association?) was striving to give his address? Why not call the club the Initials Club? The one bond of union that will link its members will be the possession of initials. One may reasonably suppose that the meaning and importance of their respective collections of initials will be the chief topic of conversation among the members. They will arrange for exchange of initials—perhaps even there may be a sort of official quotation of the value of these commodities. Probably some of the learned societies could agree to form an amalgamation—as the boating and cricketing and other clubs of a college often do at Oxford and Cambridge—by which, for a slightly larger subscription, a member of one society of a group could become a member of all, and entitled to half-a-dozen sets of initials.

So I would respectfully recommend the learned founders of the Royal Societies Club to call their organisation The Initials. It sounds mysterious; it is brief and characteristic, and easy of pronunciation. And it is plain that the majority of those who join the club—the rank-and-file of the royal societies—will be persons whose initials are more important than their names. Above all, it is in virtue of having initials that they are qualified for membership; initials they must have, if nothing else; therefore it is most fit that they should be called after their prevailing characteristic. Even so that mysterious organisation known as The Souls would seem, from what has been said of it, to have been founded on the conviction of its members that they possessed that constituent part, to the exclusion of all others. (I reject the supposition of a profane outsider that the members called themselves Souls because they were nobodies.)

But I wish the founders of the Royal Societies Club would have explained some of their more recondite titles. All of them are men of letters—some have two lines of titles. Many of these are sufficiently clear to the most ignorant reader. For instance, P.C. must stand for Privy Councillor, Post Card, Police Constable, Pump Court, Pickwick Club, or Perpetual Curate. Then, again, most of the titles belonging to Sir Frederick Abel (Cor Cordite!), though they take up two lines, are perfectly intelligible.

But other initials and combinations are not so clear. Is an F.R.H.S. to be accounted as Horticultural, Historical, Histological, or Hysterical? And does R.S.A.I. stand for Royal Society of Abandoned Inebriates, or Royal Scientific Asylum for Idiots, or what? And, finally, what is, or can, or could possibly be the significance of such a dark and deadly combination as "F.R.S.N.A.-*(Cop :)*"?

O Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,  
What is an F.R.S.N.A.-*(Cop :)*?

It is curious to see what a desolation has settled down on the London theatres. A precarious five alone open their doors to the public, and

though, now that the tropical heat has abated, the daring few may hope for their reward, yet even then it will hardly be of the richest. Decidedly our nation cannot be called a theatre-going one in the mass. Those who really maintain our dramatic and operatic and nondescript theatrical entertainments are the stalls and dress-circle people, who fly from town in August, or, at least, pretend to fly. The millions who remain, where do they go? To music halls, say some; but I do not fancy those institutions are specially overcrowded just now. The heat has, doubtless, much to answer for, the depression of business yet more; but the chief factor, perhaps, in the theatrical depression is the fact that public taste is changing, and neither authors nor managers quite know what to try. When any class of piece achieves a success everybody rushes into it, with the result that it is made a weariness. Light opera has been killed—for the present—by this irrational imitation; musical variety farce will be killed in a year or two; even epigrams, after the first hour or so, cease to charm.

But with all the shrinking modesty that belongs to my character, I might suggest one or two trifling changes in our theatrical system, which would, perhaps, lessen the number of disastrous failures. Firstly, there are too many London theatres. Half-a-dozen should be pulled down or—better still for theatrical interests—converted into music halls. This step, by overdoing the already overdone music hall, should drive audiences back to the theatres. Next, no manager should be allowed to embark in dramatic enterprise without passing an examination in dramatic construction. The examiners might be the dramatic critics—not because they necessarily know anything about the matter, but because, having given the aspirant a diploma, they could not decently withhold their approval from his enterprise. Managers of musical pieces should, in addition, undergo an examination in the elements of prosody and music. They might be required, also, to construct a burlesque on a given historical or mythical subject. Further, a trades union of managers should be formed, which should bind its members not to pay more than a certain amount in rent for any particular theatre, nor to give more than a certain salary to any actor or singer, nor to spend more than a certain sum on dresses and scenery.

The item of rent is one of the most serious. There are few businesses so profitable as letting a theatre, and few so ruinous, as a rule, as taking one. If a house has ruined nine out of ten of those who have taken it, the rent remains still the same, and even if the theatre has stood empty for long the rent never drops in proportion. The best way for a manager is to own his theatre. And this is why the actor-manager in general outstrips his rivals. Firstly, he generally has complete control over his own establishment, and is freed from the tumults of syndicates and the chaos of companies; and, secondly, there is, at least, a probability that he may have a certain amount of knowledge concerning his business. He may not know a good play when he sees it, but he knows a good part, and takes it.

But the talk of the drama as being a substitute for the pulpit, the regeneration of mankind, is mere humbug. It is quite true that plays which pretend to teach and preach and enoble are often popular and profitable, for the British public has not lost its old hypocritical weakness of never fully enjoying a sweetmeat unless it can make believe that the sweetmeat is medicinal. In fact, noble purpose, eloquent teaching, are, like the happy ending, the limelight, and other lofty moral agencies, part, and often a very profitable part, of the theatrical stock-in-trade. And, therefore, the playwright, or the actor, or manager who wishes to make a commercial success does well to teach and preach, and read papers, and be benevolent, and—if he can—pious, and have a mission, and prove that he is a first-rate dramatist or actor, by becoming a sort of second-rate University Extension lecturer.

I have no fault to find with this. It is merely a part of the duty of the tradesman. Wares must be sold, and whatever, not in itself immoral, serves to sell them is proper and laudable. Some theatrical people have sold their goods by tricking them out in the manner of the music halls. Some, again, find their account in imitating the popular preacher or lecturer; others, again, copy the popular pill-vendor. Let equal and ungrudging praise be given to all!

MARMITON.

## EDUCATION.

PAPA: "Why don't you sit down?"

SONNY: "This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said darned few. I told teacher that in the arithmetic class to-day, an' that's why I can't sit down."—*Life*,

THE ART OF THE DAY.



L'HOMME DES CHAMPS.—A. PERRET.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



## ART NOTES.

We are made acquainted with the news of the death of M. Auguste Barthélémy Glaize, a sad event, which took place in Paris a few days ago. M. Glaize was a very well known painter, and had lived to see more than the three score years and ten allotted scripturally to the life of man, he having been born at Montpellier in 1807, and made his débüt at the Salon so long ago as 1836. Celebrated as a painter of *genre historie* subjects, it may be well to recall a few of these, among which the principal were "Faust et Marguerite," "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique," "Dante Écrivant son Poème," and "Allocution de l'Empereur à la Distribution des Aigles, 1852." He was loaded with honours before his death, but the chief of these—significant to say—were awarded to him nearly forty and more years ago, having been the recipient of a number of medals, and, above all, of the coveted Legion of Honour in 1855. His pupils were many; his life was distinguished by an honourable success, and, although of an undoubtedly limited genius, it is not to be denied that his was a life and a career which it might be profitable even for genius to note and meditate upon.

The design by Mr. McEwen for the tympanum above the entrance to the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair has much to recommend it in the graceful figures engaged in symbolising Music. Our reproduction of the design fails to convey the bold breadth of Mr. McEwen's work, which is a striking feature on which the eye may rest for some time with pleasure. Another artistic design in the Chicago Exhibition is the figure study in the Agricultural Building which is also reproduced herewith.

The now officially published lists of awards granted to artists at the Chicago Exhibition—former lists, as it seems, were unofficial—show a wonderfully catholic spirit in the selection of British artists honoured by that remarkable foundation—some might be tempted to call it indiscriminate rather than catholic. No less than seventy-two names have been picked out for honour among oil painters alone. Of these, only a few of the more familiar may be recorded here.

Here are a few of their names: Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Millais, Sir James Linton, Messrs. J. Swan, W. Orchardson, George Clausen, Henry Moore, W. Wyllie, J. Waterhouse, Frank Bramley, Alfred East, L. La Thangue, Alma-Tadema, Henry Tuke, Briton Rivière, William Stott, Albert Moore, Mouat Loudan, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Lady Butler, Mrs. Annie Swynnerton, Miss Clara Montalba, and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

Among water-colour artists there are these: Sir James Linton, Messrs. Henry Moore, Alfred East, Alfred Parsons, Birket Foster, W. Wyllie, Andrew Gow, J. Henshall, and W. Rainey. Among artists in black-and-white are to be noticed Sir James Linton, Mr. George Du Maurier, Sir John Tenniel, Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. J. Weguelin, and Mr. W. Overend. It will be noticed that one name—that of Sir James Linton—much to his honour, occurs in every list, oil-colour, water-colour, and black-and-white.

Funnily enough, then, in the whole range of competition Great Britain comes out, so far as mere numbers go, easily first among the nations that competed, with her seventy-two painters in oil, her twenty-one artists in water colours, and her nine artists in black-and-white. Next to Great Britain comes the United States, receiving fifty-eight awards for oils, ten for water colours, five for pastels, and twenty-two for black-and-white drawings. Germany, be it noted as a matter of interest, receives seventy awards for oil paintings, eight for water colours, and three for black-and-white drawings. The remainder of the competing nations deal exclusively in oils,

Austria receiving twenty-six awards, Italy fifteen, Spain twenty-nine, Sweden sixteen, Denmark twelve, the Society of Polish Artists eight, Holland twenty-seven, Japan thirty-eight, and Switzerland two.

From the names of English artists quoted above, it will be noted that the name of Mr. Whistler is omitted; but it must be remembered that this artist disdained to rank himself with English competitors, preferring to place his name under the patronage of the United States section. Also, in justice to a great artistic nation, it must be stated that France having declined to take part in the competition for awards, the French exhibits were not judged.

It would, of course, be absurd to lay any particular stress upon the value of such a judgment. In the world of art, as a recent writer admirably put it, "with the average or the sum, art cannot deal without derogation." That, we take it, is among, or should be among, the epigrams of the world; it expresses a profound truth with amazing

statue of a woman, carved in the Egyptian style, had been set upon the site of the Bastille to represent the maternity of Nature, and the water from which De Séchelles drank issued in a double stream from the breasts of the statue. And from that mysteriously consecrated cup has grown that wonderful gallery of art which we now identify with the name of the Louvre.

The lazy Turk follows the quick-witted American, and overlooking Pera, at Chichli, we shall shortly have an opportunity of viewing a great building arise which is destined to contain the objects of a Universal Exhibition, which has been ordered by the Sultan to be held at or near Constantinople either next year or the year following. The Sultan has already, as is known, appointed a Commission to make all the arrangements for the Exhibition, and it is busy making the proper inquiries.

Many will be pleased to hear of the decision of the Manchester City Council, which, a few days ago, decided to appoint, upon the



PROPOS GALANTS.—F. ROYBET.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

brevity and pointedness, and, moreover, should be a most appropriate text to such a series of awards as that with which we have just been dealing. Nevertheless, we have a kindness for excellent mediocrity, and though one single portrait of Rembrandt outweighs in value all the exhibits of the English section of the Chicago Exhibition, we do, in despite of that certain fact, entertain a feeling of—shall we call it?—"other-art" gladness in a certain indubitable success of English artists: always, however, bearing in mind the true principles of the thing.

That was a very interesting centenary which we were celebrating a few days ago in the anniversary of the opening of the Louvre as a public art gallery. One has pleasure in recalling that the French Revolution did this much for us, since on July 27, 1793, the National Convention resolved that the Museum of the Republic—which included the combination of the Louvre with the Palais Royal—should be opened in the middle of August or thereabout, according to the arrangements of the Minister of the Interior. The ceremony was an interesting one. A cup of agate was the first object to be deposited, and out of this precious goblet the President of the Convention, De Séchelles, drank a draught of Seine water to the luck of the Republic. The colossal

recommendation of their Technical Instruction Committee, Mr. Walter Crane as General Director of the Art School, with a salary of £600 per annum. There are, of course, certain conditions attached to the post—salaries are not exactly hurled even at the heads of the meritorious: it is lightly stipulated that Mr. Crane is to give his whole service for one week during the school terms, and it seems to be expected that, according as Mr. Crane discovers the seriousness of the students over their work, so he will devote more time to their wants and young aspirations. As to the value of the appointment itself, Mr. Crane is known to be a serious and conscientious artist—qualities, above all things, which are needful for the guidance of the young.

An item of mournful interest to many artists is the bankruptcy of Messrs. Dalziel. Both the partners in this famous firm are over seventy years of age, and sympathy is universally extended to them now that they have fallen upon evil days. In many respects the house of Dalziel may be considered the pioneer of cheap pictorial literature of a humorous style. The man in the railway carriage and the boy in the street have good reason to thank Messrs. Dalziel for much amusement received from various magazines published by them.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

## THE JAPANESE GIRL.

If the code of manners and etiquette to which the ladies of Japan are supposed to conform were strictly adhered to, a more prosaic and uninteresting creature could hardly be found on earth than the Japanese girl. From earliest childhood she should carefully avoid the society of all save those of her own sex. Even with her own brothers, or, when married, with her husband, she should observe a certain distance and reserve. She should have no opinions of her own on the subject of whom she shall marry, but in all things should implicitly conform to the imperative rule of obedience. A woman, it has been taught, should form no friendship and no intimacy except when ordered to do so, and even at the peril of her life should harden her heart and observe the rules of propriety. As to jealousy, she should not so much as dream of such a thing, even though her husband should openly keep a rival to her in his own house. Fortunately, this stern and spirit-breaking code, which the wisdom of ancient times has laid down, has not been successful in altogether killing

a Japanese. Europeans who have lived long enough among the Japanese, it is said, lose appreciation of Caucasian beauty, and look upon European women as betraying a touch of fierceness in the cast of their countenance.

There are, broadly speaking, no old bachelors and no old maids in Japan. When a girl has attained a marriageable age her parents look out for a husband for her, and generally resort to the services of a middleman. Although the girl is supposed to have no voice in the selection of a partner, it does not follow that her inclinations are always disregarded; but, on the other hand, her inclinations are certainly not always consulted. She generally accepts her fate without a murmur; but there are instances in which a devoted couple, unable to obtain the sanction of their parents to their union, have bound themselves together and committed suicide. When the marriage is arranged a lucky day is chosen, and the bride, robed in white, the colour of mourning, is carried away at nightfall to her new abode. Henceforth she becomes practically the daughter of her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

Obedience is the one paramount duty and virtue impressed on the Japanese girl—obedience to her father when unmarried, to her husband when married, and to her son when left a widow. Her position in the



"GOOD MORNING!"

out the simple charm of speech and manner with which Japanese womankind has been endowed by nature. And though it appears just now that something of a reaction has set in against the excessively complimentary language in which many Europeans have written of Japan and of Japanese women, far be it from me to join with those who appear to take pleasure in disputing the kind things that have been said. Tastes differ. The man of boorish ways and churlish instincts may find nothing to please him in the daughters of Japan. To others, the Japanese girl, with her kindly beaming face, her queer but dainty costume, and her gentle ways, can scarcely fail to be attractive.

Japanese feminine beauty is a different thing from the beauty of the English belle, although in point of complexion there is not much to choose between the Japanese and the English girl. The skin of the Japanese women, and especially in the north of Japan, is little, if at all, less pink and white than that of a typical Anglo-Saxon beauty. The principal difference is in the eyes, which, though not slanting in any appreciable degree, as is often supposed, are certainly somewhat unlike European eyes. To come up to the Japanese ideal, they should be long and narrow, with the eyebrow raised considerably above the eye. The hands and feet are small, the bust admirably proportioned, the waist slim, but not artificially decreased in size, the hips narrow, and the hair almost invariably black. It is difficult for a Japanese to understand the tastes of Europeans in regard to feminine beauty, and, similarly, it is often difficult for the European to appreciate the preferences of

household is not altogether enviable; for, though not knocked about and ill-treated, she is looked down upon by the male sex, and relegated almost to the position of a servant. There is, of course, among Europeans of aesthetic tastes a great outcry against the adoption of European dress by the Japanese. But, apparently, the innovation is not entirely without its advantages, inasmuch as with the adoption of European dress goes also sometimes the adoption of European customs in regard to the position of women.

The extreme filial devotion of the Japanese girl is illustrated by a curious story related of the two daughters of one Okada. These maidens, seeing that their father had taken to field sports and was thereby breaking the fundamental precept of Buddhism not to take life, besought him to give up the evil practice that he might avoid the terrible retribution in the next world. Okada persisted in his evil ways, till at last the daughters, finding that nothing else would avail, determined to sacrifice their own lives to save their father from torture hereafter. One night, when Okada had gone out in the dark to shoot two storks, they put on white robes and stole down to the edge of the water, where the storks were believed to be. Okada, seeing them in the dim light, took them for the storks, and mortally wounded his two devoted daughters. His bitter remorse caused him to abandon his wicked pursuits. Such is the pitiful story, which, though not perhaps absolutely and entirely true, is not out of keeping with the sweet and devoted spirit of many a Japanese girl.

BLUE LOTUS.

## "PROFESSOR" CHARLES BALDWIN.

## THE PARACHUTE PRINCE OF THE AIR.

Dining with genial Charles Hardy, the popular manager of the Richmond Theatre, the other night, our conversation naturally turned to a performance that had taken place in the Old Deer Park the previous evening, when "young Baldwin," as Hardy called him, in



CHARLES BALDWIN, THE BALLOONIST.

descending with his parachute from a tremendous height, had, on reaching *terra firma*, narrowly escaped a very nasty accident. "Young Baldwin!" I exclaimed, my mind reverting to an interview I had recorded some years ago with the parachutist of the Alexandra Palace.

"Young Baldwin," repeated Hardy, reprovingly, "and a very charming young fellow, too. I expect him round here directly; if you can wait, you might be able to 'do' him for one of the papers."

Though the hour was late, the prospect of "doing" anyone, especially without the victim knowing it, was too good to lose. I waited. In a very few moments he was announced, and Hardy having revealed my identity in the course of introducing me, I had to own up to being an occasional contributor to a leading illustrated paper, playfully warning him the while that anything he might say hereafter would be used as evidence against him.

"I understand you have had a nasty accident," I began.

"Oh, nothing, I assure you. The stupid fellows who were to catch me on the ground, being new to the job, caught me by the legs instead of by my body, and as a consequence I fell heavily on my arm and put it out."

"And yourself?"

"Quite so. I was more than put out, as it is the arm by which I hang to the balloon."

Photo by F. Smith, The Quadrant, Richmond.  
BALDWIN FILLING HIS BALLOON.

"May I ask have you been many years professionally engaged as a parachutist?"

"About three or four."

"Then you are not—"

"Oh dear, no. I know what you are going to say. I am not T. S. Baldwin. My name is Charles, Charles Baldwin. The man of whom you are thinking retired some time ago, and is living in Illinois, I believe, devoting his energies to balloon-making, which he finds is nearly as profitable as making balloon ascents."

"You are very young, surely?"

"Well, that's not my fault. I made my first appearance on the stage of life on Nov. 1, 1869, so I cannot help being under twenty-four years of age."

Clean shaven as he is, with a particularly pleasing expression, and with honesty and good nature oozing out, as it were, of every line of his

Photo by F. Smith, The Quadrant, Richmond.  
BALDWIN ASCENDING.

happy face, I watched him with a worried look, till at last he suggested I might not be well. He explained that, though an abstainer himself, our host on so special an occasion might find a little Scotch, but I was not up to chaffing point.

"Bosh!" I exclaimed. "You remind me strongly of someone, and I can't think who it is. It is that that's worrying me."

"Perhaps I can help you. Lord Charles Beresford?"

"That's the man. Beresford as a boy, of course. You have been told so before, evidently."

"Once or twice. As a matter of fact, I come of very good naval stock, who would not be honoured at the idea of their relative hanging on to a balloon for a living—good one though it be."

"Quite so. But how came you to achieve the art of parachuting?"

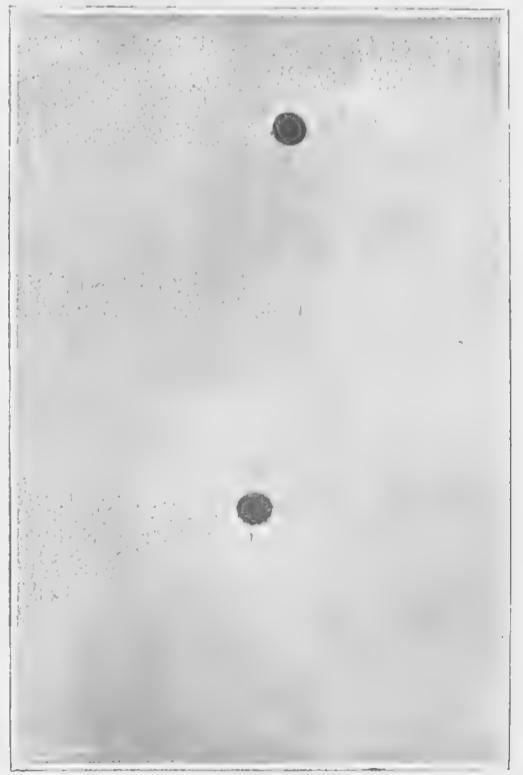
"The story is long, and" (taking out his watch) "time is short. I was always fond of sensational jumps, and as a boy" (I smiled strongly here)—"well, schoolboy, if you like, used to devour one particular book I gained as a

geography prize, 'Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill.' I had heard of Baldwin; felt, knew I could do all that he had done, and believed I could do more, provided I could get the necessary paraphernalia. Chance threw this in my way. My name was Baldwin, my nature Baldwin, my very weight was Baldwin's. He was giving up; only one thing I lacked—the necessary funds to acquire the apparatus. A financier was found, the parachute and patents were obtained, with two of his balloons, the 'Tramp' and the 'Prince of Wales,' and up I went with my little lot."

"Had you no fears?"

"None then."

"And now?"

Photo by A. A. Chancellor, Richmond.  
DESCENT OF BALDWIN BY PARACHUTE.

"I am a little nervous sometimes since my fearful accident, but only on account of the balloon getting away."

"Which accident?"

"Oh, that was in all the papers! It was at Stockport. There was a fearful wind; the balloon was travelling forty miles an hour, and making straight for a tall chimney. Had I kept on, I saw I was bound to be smashed, so I released my hold and dropped 60 ft., to be picked up fractured in several places."

"Have you ever disappointed the public?"

"Only once, at Paignton, in Devon, and that was not my fault. The gas was bad—that is, it was not 'lifting' gas. We only went up 30 ft. in consequence, when I was blown against some trees and fell. The great shame about it was that, notwithstanding the gate money was returned to all who had paid, the crowd outside—who had not paid a cent, mark you—cheered and hooted, and nobly, very nobly, tore the balloon into shreds."

"You won't go there again in a hurry."

"I did go there again, and very much in a hurry. On the first vacant date—it was the Regatta day—I ascended from the gas-works, giving a free show, made one of the biggest drops on record, and one of the biggest cheques I have had as yet."

"How was that?"

"The Committee paid me £50, the crowd collected £80, and a well-known racehorse owner who lives at Paignton, and is a sportsman, if you like, made me a present of a new balloon."

"Is that your biggest success?"

"No. At the Infirmary Gala at Rochdale I drew the biggest crowd ever known there. I don't recollect figures: 40,000 or 50,000 people. At any rate, the Infirmary netted about £1000."

"How many ascents have you made?"

"Somewhere about eighty. I average about three a week, my biggest drop being two miles and three-quarters, and the lowest 80 ft."

I accompanied him to his temporary residence at Richmond (he lives at Farnham when at home), obtained from him some of his most recent photographs, feeling very satisfied with my interview with a gentleman who moves in the very highest circles.

H. G. S.

#### MODEL OF MESSRS. DAY AND MARTIN'S FACTORY IN THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

In life polish counts for much; in commerce the means whereby it may be acquired forms an important industry. The gratitude of a soldier to a Doncaster barber proved the foundation of the vast industry known as the manufacture of blacking. In his case, at least, gratitude was no lively sense of favours to come. The mere mention of the word brings three others to the tongue—namely, Day and Martin. The model of this firm's great factory in the Borough Road is one of the



features of the British section in the Chicago Exhibition, and the accompanying illustration will give an idea of both the extent of the premises and the excellence of the model. The trade of making blacking has received a peculiar interest from the fact that Charles Dickens was, in his early days, engaged therein. It may be recollected that he makes mention of it in "Pickwick." Nor must its connection with the admirable Shoeblack Brigade be forgotten. It has been the *raison d'être* of one of the best institutions by which boys may gain an honest livelihood in the streets of our cities.

#### "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

Sir Robert Duff has recently received a visit from M. La Cascade, the ex-Governor of Tahiti. His Excellency has been serenaded by the Sydney Liedertafel, and was decorated with the badge of a golden lyre. There is no doubt as to the speedy popularity he has attained.

The Victorian Government's resolve to use no coal for State purposes except that found in the colony is having the desired effect of increasing its coal industry, especially in South-West Gippsland.

The reduction of the price of the *Sydney Morning Herald* to a penny has had the welcome effect of doubling the paper's circulation.

"Larrikism" is such a pest at Sydney that a deputation has been waiting on the Premier of the colony in regard to the subject. The police have been armed, the flogging clauses of an existing Act are to be rigidly enforced, and fresh legislation is to be introduced when Parliament meets.

The directors of the Mercantile Bank of Australia have had a summons issued against them, which is returnable on Sept. 18.

During the last three years Western Australia has lost 840,000 sheep owing to the prolonged drought. A certain compensating element is the increase this season among cattle and horses.

The sugar-making season in Queensland is in full swing. The output runs the record of seven years ago very hard.

The *Sydney Mail* puts the New Australia "adventure" to Paraguay in a very cynical light when it says that one point in favour of the promoters is that they are "making an experiment in Socialism at their own expense, instead of wanting, as so many good Socialists do, to confiscate other people's capital in order to put their schemes into execution."

The outgoing mails to New Zealand via San Francisco will in future be despatched from London a week later, thus enabling correspondence to be answered in the colony in time for despatch by the homeward-bound San Francisco mail-boats, which have hitherto left at or near the time of arrival of the boat from this country.

Quebec has lost by death one of its most prominent citizens, the Hon. Isidore Thibaudeau, who had made a huge fortune by importations of drapery.

The buffalo in its wild state has not become extinct after all. In the Slave Lake and Peace River districts over two hundred wood buffaloes have been killed this season. Some of the specimens brought into the market were of such a size that the carcasses had been slit in two in order to remove the skins.

The seaboard of Nova Scotia has been swept by the greatest hurricane of the past thirty years. At Halifax a vessel was sunk in the dock, and trees were uprooted; but the details of the disaster are not yet fully known, for communication with the outside world is cut off by the electrical system having been very much damaged.

The British East Africa Company is having its troubles with the Somalis. Mr. Hamilton, an officer of the company, has met a cruel death at Turki Kill Fort, four miles above Gobwen. The Somalis revolted and attacked the fort, and Mr. Hamilton fell, shot through the neck and heart.

Mr. Richard Gregory, a clever young Englishman, who is making an independent exploration of the country, has just arrived at Mombasa. He has ascended Mount Kenia to a height of 1700 feet, and explored the head-streams of the Tana and the watersheds between the Athi and Tana rivers.

Mr. Gregory should return to England with many interesting and valuable results from his painstaking investigations.

The Hon. J. L. Mackay, who has been President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Minister of the Viceroy's Council during the last three years, besides occupying many important public posts—in fact, having been the leader of the non-official community—is to leave "India's sunny clime" in October. The occasion is to be marked by a great public testimonial in recognition of his work.

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Wanton  
Slaughter of  
Intresting  
Birds.*

One often wonders in what quarters advice and guidance were sought by those excellently intentioned legislators who framed the Wild Birds Protection Act. That the Act has on the whole made for good no one will deny. But it is full of curious anomalies, and, while retained as a fair working basis, might well be amended now with very great gain. It is pre-eminently a subject which cannot be tackled in a hurry. Here, for instance, is a case in point. Of all the birds that haunt our coasts none is more strikingly beautiful on the wing than the gannet, or "solan goose." Now soaring round in wide circles, now dropping from its vantage point like a bolt, and diving in upon its prey, a constant object of interest and admiration is the great white bird. And the Act was meant to protect it. The framers of that Act thought that when they had forbidden gunners to kill the gannet till Aug. 1 they had made its young ones safe. But how are the facts? They are very different. There is a regular trade in gannets' eggs. Very few young ones, indeed, are hatched from the early sittings. It is from the second nests that the young ones come, and, consequently, those birds that are slaughtered in the first days of August are breeding birds. So that not only does the *soi-disant* sportsman kill old birds simply as "practice" (for they are quite useless as food), but he is the cause of the death of many young ones. It has lately been pointed out that this has been the case this year on the Bass Rock, where at one time the gannets were in far greater numbers than now, owing, no doubt, to this senseless persecution. What a pity it does seem!

*Hot Weather  
Toads.*

I like to lie down and look into the tank when the sun is on the water, because then you can see many little comedies of insect life—the great, ferocious dragon-fly larva, who stalks the smaller things and pounces on them like a tiger; the "water-boatman," who rows himself round with his pair of sculls till he reaches a quiet corner, where he lies upon his back quite still, pretending he is only a common bit of stick or something, till the helpless creatures venture close, and so on. And so badly are the streams dried up that, although the tank is but ten yards from the dining-room window, the other morning a great wild heron came dropping down between the trees upon the tank, and scared the little gull right horribly. But it was more particularly about the toads I was thinking when I began this paragraph. In an ordinary year the habits of the toads and frogs are quite different. The frog is always ready for water—hopping in and diving to the bottom at the slightest alarm. Not so the toad. The spawning season once over, the toad leaves the water altogether. It is generally the dry places which the toad affects—the gravel paths, the rockery, hollows in roots, and such like. If he gets a bit too dry, he can usually find enough moisture for his purpose under a patch of carnation or pink. But this summer things are very different. Close round the tank sit the toads, sheltering themselves under the leaves of the flags, and hopping into the water if ever so little disturbed; they dive straight to the bottom, and there lie by.

*Fishing  
Outlook.*

Now that the rivers have cleared again after the heavy rains, fishermen are beginning to have a good time in what is left to them of the fly-fishing season. And, indeed, they deserve it. I do not remember any season that was so hopeless for salmon-fishers up to, say, the first week in August. In Scotland many and many a lessee never saw a sovereign of his money back in the shape of salmon. In Norway it was, on the whole, little better. A friend, writing from there a month or so ago, described how they had to take refuge in hunting the wolf, who had paid a visit to the fjells thereabout. Trout-fishing was little—though it was just a little—better. Sea-fishing, too, was very poor. Personally, I did not get time for a turn at the Bass this year, but I hear they did next to nothing. The pollack fishing was a bit better, but the fish ran very small.

Mr. Hudson, in "Birds in a Village," hazards a theory *Songs of Alarm.* which I venture to believe is quite untenable. He has noticed—apparently for the first time—the tendency of the reed warbler to burst into song when alarmed by, for instance, the striking of a bush with a stick. The sedge warbler, I may remark, does this, and "even more so." Mr. Hudson, as I understand him, thinks that the bird really means to chide harshly, but that in its hurry or excitement it forgets how to do this, or is "incapable of uttering them (the harsh, grating sounds) only." Mr. Hudson starts, I think, with a wrong premiss. He thinks that in the case of the reed warbler the "sounds that express alarm, solicitude, and other painful emotions have been . . . made a part of the musical performance." But why go out of one's way to frame a theory where none is wanted? The harsher notes form an element in the song of many of the warblers; but it need not follow that they have been wrested from their original purpose. The magpies and jays may be sometimes detected in the middle of confidential conversation, in which there is apparently every conceivable expression of every emotion, and from this vocabulary they use the most appropriate expression as occasion requires.

## A CHAT WITH MISS AUGARDE.

"Second door to the left in Jermyn Street, and down the spiral staircase," said the gentleman in the box-office. Such stairs! Round and round, and down deep into the darkness, till suddenly light and an elderly man in shirt-sleeves, who wanted to know my business, and seemed anxious to send me about it.

"I want to see Miss Amy Augarde, and I come from *The Sketch*, and—"

"Well, give me your card, and I'll show it to the stage manager, and you see that no one comes in while I'm gone who don't ought to."

I had not finished wondering how to guess those who "did ought," when he came back with an amiable gentleman, who said I could only see her for a minute—would that do? Then he took me to a dressing-room, in which I found my quarry. She is a tall, well-built young woman, whose costume was well adapted to set off her charms. She wore a gown of amber silk, tinsel brightened, decorated with heavy passementerie, and she had a huge train, starting from the décolletage of the back. The general lines of the dress were Directoire, and, like that in which la Citoyenne Tallien showed herself at Frascati's, it was slit down the left side from the hips, and revealed a very well drawn pair of—of what you would expect—in yellow tights. Short, puffed sleeves displayed admirable arms, and her low-necked dress exhibited, not immodestly, a fine bust, surmounted by a face wonderfully suited to the part of Mdlle. Lange—a face of a voluptuous, southern character, with straight, well-cut nose, nicely moulded chin, and full, deep brown eyes. Her hair was in little ringlets, à la Récamier, and gleamed with a real metallic lustre.

However, I had not long to take stock, for Miss Augarde could not spare me ten minutes that evening, as she had to go on the stage at once, so at a somewhat earlier hour the following day I found myself in the same room with the same lady, but not the same dress. She had a plain stuff skirt and a blue shirt such as men wear, and once had the monopoly of. Still, the hair was as gorgeous as ever, so I asked how it was done.

"Oh," she said, "it is tightly curled, pinned down, and then powdered with gold—not gold, you say?—well, I suppose it is copper; it tastes rather like copper, and it stains my scalp green."

I then and there made up my mind never to use copper powder; there would be a great deal too much green visible in my case.

"I really do not know what I can tell you about myself," she said. "Very little that is interesting has happened to me—my London career as a principal has been so short. I don't exactly come of a musical family, though my father is a professional clarionet-player. I always had a great taste for music and a longing to go on the stage, and used to keep singing about the house all day long; but my father didn't think much of my voice, and, in fact, declined to take me to Mr. D'Oyly Carte to have it tried; so I went alone, and I need hardly say he was delighted to find that Mr. Carte accepted me and took me into the chorus."

"Into the chorus!" I said. "Had you no friends to start you higher up?"

"No," she answered. "I had to get along without help. Even now I don't know anyone on the Press. For ten years I remained in the chorus, and went about with Mr. Carte's company all over the world. I appeared as principal, not unsuccessfully, at the Savoy in 'Ruddigore' and 'Pinafore,' when I was understudy to Miss Jessie Bond."

"But you did not come straight from the Savoy understudyship to Mdlle. Lange at the Criterion?"

"Oh, I've played at the Lyric as Lady Anne Jerningham, and I've been Lydia in 'Dorothy.'"

"And who taught you singing and acting?"

"Mr. Fred Walker, Professor at the Royal Academy, gave me a year's lessons in singing—that's all I've ever had. And acting?—my 'rather wooden style,' as you said in your notice" (of course, she laughed maliciously as she threw this remark at me), "nobody taught me; I picked up my 'rather wooden style' in the chorus."

To interrupt the interview and tell the truth, I went to see her play a second time, and, though charmed again by her rich, sympathetic voice, am bound to admit that she does not act much better than the average comic opera singer. However, to return to our copper-haired beauty. I found her a lady of few fads or follies. Pets she has not—in fact, she detests them; she does not ride a bicycle, does not, indeed, appear to take much interest in anything save her profession; no wonder that she has got on without assistance! Of course, she is fond of music, particularly of Bizet's; but, beyond being able to play her accompaniments, she is not a pianist.

As she spoke she began unconsciously to hum the waltz—the waltz that all Europe was humming in 1873. I noticed while in the theatre that everyone seemed to have caught the infection of Lecocq; even the shirt-sleeved Cerberus was singing about his Clairette when I went out. It must be admitted that it is very difficult music to get out of one's head, perhaps because it is very easy to get it in.

Just as I was beginning to ask Miss Augarde her theories about voice production—I don't suppose she has any—a man entered, looked much embarrassed, and went out hastily. My subject seemed disturbed and fidgeted with her feet. I made a guess that someone was dressing in her room, and that she had borrowed another person's for our business, and did not expect me to stay so long. Rightly or wrongly, I acted on the view and said "Good night" to a young singer whose honest devotion to her art has raised her from the ranks, and may well bring her to even more important parts than that of Mdlle. Lange.—E. F.-S.

AUG. 30, 1893

THE SKETCH.

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MISS AMY AUGARDE AS MDLLE. LANGE IN "LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"MODERN PAINTING." BY GEORGE MOORE.

There is a vague notion in the popular mind that what is called the New Art Criticism is a sort of voluble crotchet which, like the Irishman who was "agin the Government," talks a great deal without any particular meaning. The only way for the public to correct this mistaken idea is to make Mr. Moore's book (Walter Scott) circulate through many editions; for if there is an art critic who knows exactly what he means and says it with exemplary lucidity it is "G. M." of the *Speaker*. Mr. Moore tells a story of a friend whom he advised to buy Manet's "Boulogne Pier," and when the friend objected that he did not like it Mr. Moore tranquilly remarked, "You will not like the picture now, but if you have any latent aesthetic feeling in you it will bring it out, and you will like it in six months' time." If I had the honour of knowing an Academician sufficiently well to approach so delicate a subject, I should recommend him to study Mr. Moore's book for much the same reason. But I daresay he has already pondered it in secret with some searching of heart and many objurgations. The eminent picture-dealers, I am told, know these terrible articles from the *Speaker* very well, and would like to immure the author for the rest of his natural life at Millbank—I mean Millbank when it is turned into the Tate Gallery. For Mr. Moore is a relentless foe of the Academy, of the South Kensington Art Schools, of the whole system which produces popular art in this country. The Academicians he regards as a corporation of shopkeepers who accept the pictures which will draw the greatest number of shillings, who exclude from their ranks any artist with a style which is likely to offend the City patron and so depress the trade, who deliberately purchase with the funds of the Chantrey bequest works by impecunious R.A.'s, who cannot find any other market. We pride ourselves in England on our organising faculty, but organisation in art means decadence and paralysis. South Kensington is a factory of incompetence like the Beaux Arts in Paris. Mr. Moore contemplates with grim irony the disputation of Liverpool and Manchester aldermen about pictures, as if real collections could ever be made by town councils. He sees triumphant ignorance giving genius the cold shoulder and extolling mediocrity and downright incapacity. He sees English art, the true expression of our nationhood, sacrificed to a bastard Anglo-French method, and to that "subject-blight" which overspreads painting with a veneer of literature and "religiosity." A savage satire on a well-known gallery, which is really a chapel for the worship of something quite remote from art, reaches its climax in the anecdote of a lady who, after studying a religious "subject," turned to some water colours, and exclaimed, "Trees! Mere trees! What are trees when you have had your soul elevated?" The British public, says Mr. Moore, are taught to regard good painting with distrust and dislike. Whenever they can they vote it immoral. Organised morality, indeed, sits on the national chest like a nightmare, and picture galleries must not be opened on Sunday, except as counter-attractions to the public-houses. Mr. Moore is contemptuous of all arguments from utility with respect to art, and perhaps he is not sure that it will be better for the working man to spend Sunday afternoon in staring at Mr. Leader's "tear-trays" in the Tate Gallery than in soaking himself with beer.

For Mr. Leader, Mr. Fildes, Mr. Dicksee, Professor Herkomer, and some other ornaments of the Academy Mr. Moore has no mercy. His criticism of these painters is an extraordinary gamut of hostility. It cannot be called mere prejudice, for it is reasoned out with admirable clearness and with almost invariable cogency. Mr. Moore is an art critic who understands the language of paint, and can interpret it with a precision which must excite misgiving even among the connoisseurs who pay large prices for pictures they could make nothing of without

the aid of the anecdote which is worked into the canvas. I think Mr. Moore carries his hatred of the pictorial anecdote rather too far, but undoubtedly the story of the picture is too often an excuse for mediocre painting. Mr. Moore is no slave, however, to technical accomplishment as it is understood by the realistic school. Some of his most vigorous monitions are addressed to the artists who copy Nature with sordid exactitude. To select, and not to copy, is the duty of the painter towards the physical universe. Mr. Stanhope Forbes offends when he reproduces the patches in the trousers of his blacksmiths. Mr. George Clausen offends when he counts the hobnails of his labourers and makes them irredeemably ugly. "But it will be said that Mr. Clausen painted these people as he saw them. I daresay he did, but if he could not see these field-folk differently he should have abstained from painting them." Mr. Moore has nothing save stern rebuke for the

"vice of realism" in art. "The mission of art is not truth, but beauty. . . . Things ugly in themselves become beautiful by association, or perhaps I should say that they become picturesque. The slightest insistence in a line will redeem and make artistically interesting the ugliest face. Look at Degas' ballet-girls, and say if, artistically, they are not beautiful. I defy you to say that they are mean. Again, an alteration in the light and shade will create beautiful pictures among the meanest brick buildings that ever were run up by the jerry-builder. See the violet suburb stretching into the golden sunset. How exquisite it has become! How full of suggestion and fairy tale! A picturesque shadow will redeem the squalor of the meanest garret." This passage is the key to the constructive side of Mr. Moore's criticism. If you are to know good painting from bad, if you are to appreciate the mystery and romance of suggestion in really fine art, you must learn to distinguish beauty in the midst of apparent ugliness. Mr. Moore illustrates this process of education from his own experience in the studios of Paris. Fifteen years ago he told Manet that he could see nothing in Degas. "Since those days I have learnt to understand Degas, but, unfortunately, I have not been able to transmit my knowledge to anyone." Mr. Moore ought to comfort himself with the thought that he has most signally helped to make the fame of Mr. Whistler.

The appreciations in this volume are most interesting and stimulating. Say what you will of Mr. Moore's opinions, he has the rare gift of making the essential characteristics of a picture live on the page, so that you see the artist's aim, his manner, his achievement and his limitations, all in a few phrases. The analysis of "values"—the system of tone-painting which has declined in France—is so clear that the palette seems to glow in a drop of ink. What can be more pregnant than the brief description of Corot, dreaming his fields and trees, not imitating Nature like the servile copyist, but walking about in his landscape, "selecting his point of view, determining the rhythm of his lines"? Mr. Moore once found Corot painting in a wood near Paris, and he looked at the canvas, and he looked at the landscape, and he said he could not find the composition. "'My foreground is a long way ahead,' said the master; and sure enough nearly two hundred yards away his picture rose out of the dimness of the dell, stretching a little beyond the vista into the meadow." This anecdote, as Mr. Moore justly says, is a real lesson in the art of painting, and there are others which are equally vivid and equally instructive. The chapters on the great French masters are full of luminous matter and fine discrimination. I have only one disappointment. Manet once painted a portrait of "G. M." attracted by the "blonde gold" of his hair. "He painted it again and again; every time it came out brighter and fresher." Alas, this masterpiece was destroyed. If I could only have seen it side by side with Walter Sickert's astonishing essay with the same illustrious model!



Photo by W. Page, East Street, Shoreham.

MR. GEORGE MOORE.

L. F. A.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



In that fragrant square where Covent Garden stands, years and years ago—hundreds of years ago—a grey old convent stood. It stood in the midst of four grey walls, with virile ivy that gleamed in the sunlight or glistened in the rain straggling over them here and there, and clothing the dead stones with life.

And enclosed with the convent within those four old walls was an odorous garden, where all the old, perfume-breathing flowers came into blossom in their season. Wallflowers rooted inside the walls, heavy-headed columbines bowed down to them, and stonecrop marked out the borders of the pathways in yellow lines. Great dewy roses hung their blushing heads, too, and bent to every passing summer air which swept in from the silver river towards the south, and sighed, and in sighs departed. Milk-blossomed apple-trees there were as well in that old cloister garden, and, later on, ruddy faces of the blossoms' yielding contrasted with their green.

In the centre of the convent garden was a trim-cut lawn, which the chance design of some old lady a bess had fashioned in the configuration of a heart.

Pacing up and down upon this green in the fullest freshness of the dawning springtime was a fair young novice, all those years ago, and amid the scents of early flowers and the dappling shadows on the grass wrought by the budding apple-trees her heart was sad.

"Oh," she sighed, "that I could tread my wilful heart under foot as I tread this heart of grass!"

Pacing up and down, pacing up and down, that fair young novice, on that green spring day, oh, ever so many hundred years ago!

She put her hand beneath her coif and touched her auburn hair; she passed her hand across her fair young face; and she knew that she was beautiful. She knew it because somebody she loved had told her so, had touched her lips with his, and had been seen; and this was the result—this living burial in the cold convent, where they loved not men as Nature bid them, but the shadow of a God in the shadow of a Heaven.

The fair young novice paced up and down, and up and down so long that at last they missed her from within the convent, and sent a youthful sister out to bring her in.

But she would not come.

"Oh, sister, sister!" she said, "I cannot crush my wilful heart! I love him still!"

"Hush!" replied the youthful sister with the pure, pale face. "Hush! Be patient, pray the Blessed Mother of God, and thy love will pass."

So the fair young novice was patient, prayed the Blessed Mother of God, wept often, and in time the love did pass.

"Oh, sister, sister!" she said one day to the nun with the pure, pale face, "the love has passed, but, feeling it gone, I cried for it last night. I felt so lonely in my cell without it."

"I told thee," returned the pure, pale sister, with a sigh, "that it would pass."

They were pacing up and down, pacing up and down in the fair old garden on a summer's day.

"But tell me, sister dear, whither has it gone?"



*She knew that she was beautiful. She knew it because somebody she loved had told her so.*

"Whither it has gone, I cannot say," returned the sister, with another sigh. "We will ask our good mother abbess, for she comes this way, and is wise and knows everything."

And the good lady abbess came that way, amid the odorous blooms,



"Oh, sister, sister!" she said one day to the nun with the pure, pale face, "the love has passed, but, feeling it gone, I cried for it last night."

very old and white of hair and hands. Then they put the question to her, because she was wise and knew everything.

"My daughter," she answered, with a tremble in her voice, "it has gone into these pure flowers. It has become their perfume. Oh, how sweet they smell!"

And many years went by, and the old convent garden lay smothered with milk-white snows or all aflame with perfume-breathing flowers. The fair young novice had become a nun, young no longer, but a woman now. And there she was again, upon a glorious summer day, pacing up and down, pacing up and down upon the heart-shaped lawn.

The pure, pale sister was bearing her company, walking at her side.

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried she who used to be the fair young novice, "my beauty that gives no one joy, what will become of it? What will become of it?"

"Be patient, dearest sister, pray the Blessed Mother of God, and it will pass."

And more time went by. The old convent garden blushed and paled by turns with the kiss of summer and the cold hand of winter, and there was the nun who used to be a fair young novice once more pacing up and down, pacing up and down upon a bright, clear autumn day, with the garden sunny, but russet brown. And when she put her hands to her hair she knew that it was silvered through with grey, and when she passed her hands across her face she knew that it was changed.

And the pure, pale sister was again walking at her side, bearing her company. So she spoke to her and said—

"Oh, sister, sister! I have been patient. I have prayed the Blessed

Mother of God, and my beauty, in which no one took delight, has passed. But whither, oh, sister, has it gone?"

Then said she of the pure, pale face, "I do not know. We will question our good lady abbess, who is wise and knows everything. See, she is sitting there upon the bench in the sunlight, telling her beads."

So they went to where the good lady abbess, too old now to walk, sat upon the bench in the sunlight, telling her beads.

"I have been very patient, mother. I have prayed our Blessed Lady, and my beauty, in which no one took delight, has passed. But tell me, dear mother, whither has it gone?"

"Whither, my daughter," asked the good old abbess, looking up with dim, dim eyes, "did I tell thee, years and years ago, thy love had gone?"

"Into the flowers, dear mother, into the flowers."

"Then, oh, my daughter, thy beauty has gone into the flowers too—the flowers of this garden; and that proves this garden shall endure for ever; for love and beauty are immortal, and passing into the flowers of this garden, this garden shall never cease to bloom."

"But, oh, mother, in the long years to come, with age and time, these walls will surely fall, and this fair garden all lie waste."

"My dear child, no," returned the good old abbess. "I have been patient, prayed the Blessed Mother of God, and supplicated that so long as time endures the fairest flowers which England yields shall always blossom here. I have prayed that prayer to our Blessed Lady, told her that the love and beauty of a thousand fair young novices have passed into flowers in this old garden, and have implored that flowers may bloom eternal here."

And old Time carried on his reaping, and gathered the good old abbess into his sheaf, gathered the pure, pale nun and her who used to be a fair young novice. Time, discontent, reaped the grey stones of the convent, the grey stones of the convent walls, and lay waste the gleaming ivy, but the patient prayer of the good old abbess (so it seemed) was heard, and in some mysterious way the blooming garden became changed to the selling-place of flowers, and is never free of them; and all the best blooms that England yields are taken there every day throughout the year. Perfume—eternal perfume—haunts the fragrant spot to-day as it did all those years and years ago, when it was a convent garden and the fair young novice paced it up and down. If you go there now at any time of the day or night, and at any season of the year, you will see the fragrance-yielding love and comeliness of those thousand maidens, bloom-embodied, on the old, old spot, and will, perhaps, feel sad—as I have often done—that in their bygone beauty no man took delight.



## THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN.

"So help me bob, there ain't a bloomin' Christian about to-day!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





## L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

DAISY : "Oh ! Miss Smith, do you know what Tom says ? He says you are just like my Japanese doll."

MISS SMITH : "Indeed, Daisy. Why?"

DAISY : "Because, he says, for all the sitting-on it gets it always turns up again smiling!"

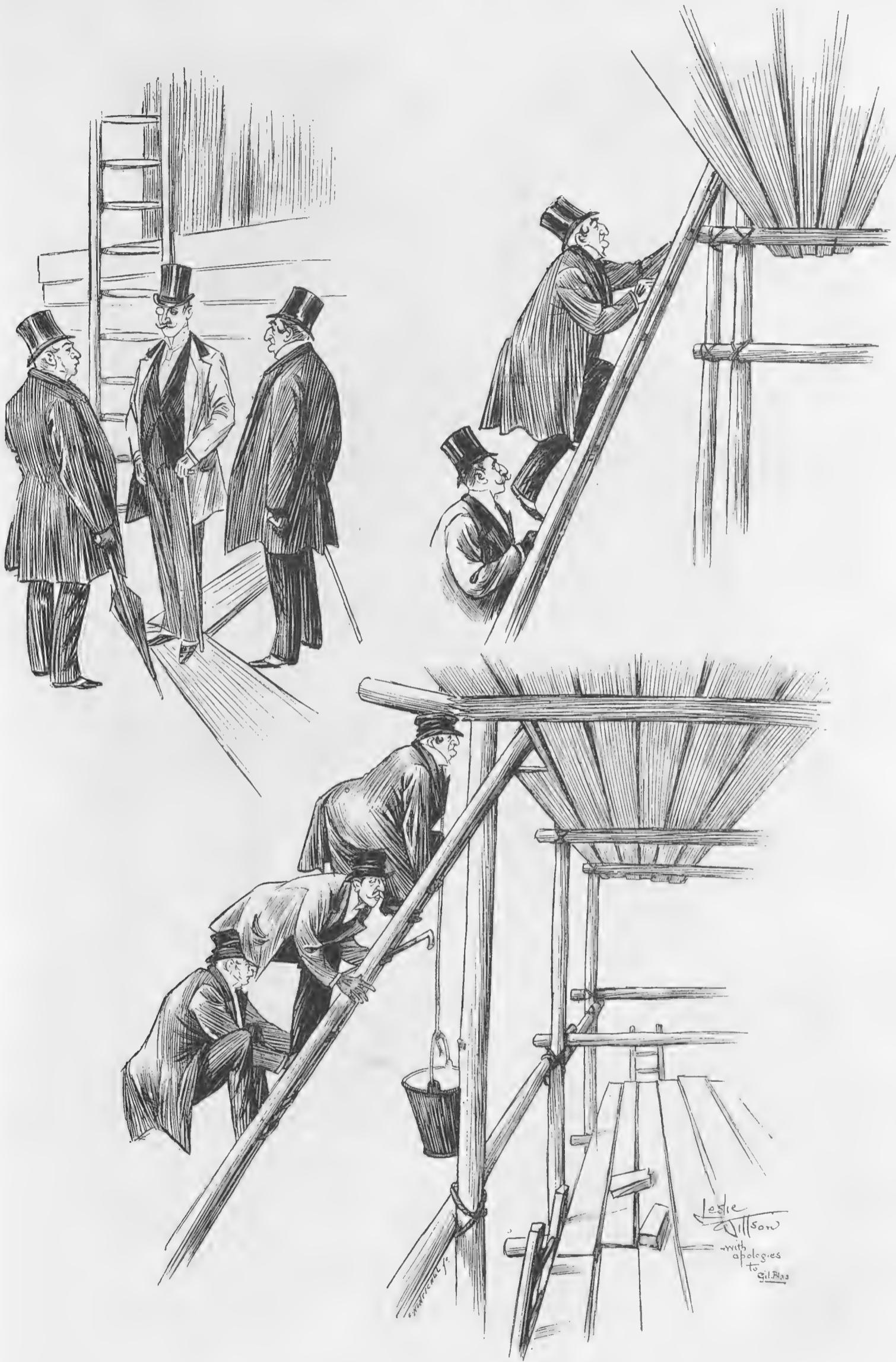


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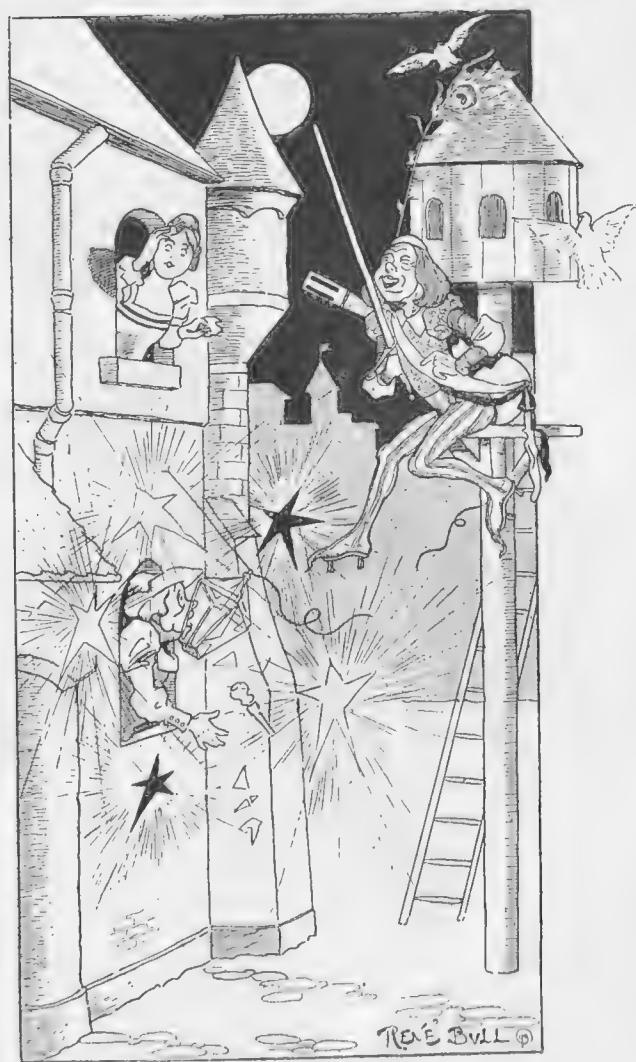
JONES (joyfully) : "I say, Maria, the page-boy has been getting up the kitchen chimney in his livery, and he sent down a ton of soot and spoilt the whole dinner, and cook's in such a rage that she's smashed all the crockery in the kitchen and given the parlour-maid two black eyes, and—"

MRS. JONES : "Wh—wha—aat? And you seem quite delighted, too! What *are* we to do with the people who're coming to dinner?"

JONES : "Why, that's just it, my dear. They're such an awfully dull lot that I was at my wits' end what to give 'em to talk about, and now here's a subject that'll last them all the evening."



THE DUKE VIEWS THE NEW WING.



THE TRIUMPHANT TROUBADOUR.

AUG. 30, 1893

THE SKETCH.

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A SKETCH AT OSTEND.  
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The beginning of the end is at hand. It is, perhaps, too soon to summarise the season, but one can already say this, that we have never had an English summer better adapted for the game, never a season so crowded with excitement, never such a startling series of surprises, never a year on which the heart of the cricketer will dwell upon with more delight.

For the first time in the last six years Surrey has been deposed from the county championship. It is, perhaps, well that this is so. We had come to look upon the Surrey team as invincible, as something surrounded by a magic halo that kept off all intruders which it would be sacrilege to break through. Times change and clubs change with them. How far the loss of Lohmann may have affected the fortunes of the Surreyites it is impossible to say, for, while I am convinced that the



GRACE IN THE SLIPS.

A NASTY ONE FOR THE UMPIRE.

presence of Surrey's George, the finest all-round cricketer in the world, would have made a difference, not only by what he could and would do himself, but by his inspiring influence upon other members of the team, I am also convinced that even Lohmann's lordly presence could not have saved Surrey this season.

For, consider where Surrey's weakness has been. Not in bowling, where Lohmann is *facile princeps*, but in batting, where Lohmann is only a moderate performer. Surrey's bowling was never better than it has been this year. As I have already pointed out, in the inter-county bowling averages Surrey stands at the top. In Richardson, Lockwood, and Brockwell they have three of the best bowlers of the year, and each man has been thought good enough to represent England against Australia. But when we come to the batting of the Surrey team, what a falling-off is there, my countrymen! Not a single man reaches 30 runs per innings, although W. W. Read is only a fraction below it. Of all the members of the Surrey team, K. J. Key, Maurice Read, and Brockwell are the only three who have improved their batting position. Brockwell's improvement, both with bat and ball, has been one of the most remarkable features of a remarkable season, and the chances are that he will yet reach a higher position, although even now he must be classed among the first half-dozen all-round cricketers of England.

And which of the counties has had the audacity—that is evidently the right term—to depose Surrey from the championship? Surely our old friends of the north, the terrible Tykes of Yorkshire. Champion football county, champion cricket county, Yorkshire will soon be sighing for other worlds to conquer. There can be no doubt that Yorkshiremen are in heart as well as deed among the finest and keenest sportsmen in the world. Grandly have they fought for their position at the top of the first-class counties, and well do they deserve their exceeding great reward. What makes their success in first-class cricket all the more remarkable is the failure of the Tykes to beat, and in many cases to hold their own against, counties of the second class. It may be that in these minor engagements the Tykes did not put forth their best efforts, but perhaps the more reasonable explanation is that the second-class counties, such, for instance, as Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Essex, and Leicester, are second class only in name, and probably stronger than one or two of those whose title to first class has not yet been disputed. The success of Yorkshire has not been due to any remarkable form shown by individuals, but rather to the even, all-round average ability of every man in the team. If one or two men could win matches, then Shrewsbury and Gunn would have placed Notts on a pedestal, instead of which we find the old county lower down than it has been for many years.

At one time Lancashire made a brave, bold bid for the championship, and, indeed, until they met Middlesex at Lord's, the other day, the

County Palatine was so strongly in the running that the championship appeared almost within reach. Middlesex, however, did Yorkshire a good turn by bowling over Lancashire without ceremony. Thanks to some excellent all-round scoring on a good wicket, Middlesex knocked up 304. To this Lancashire could only reply with 152, and going in a second time were dismissed for 180. Middlesex lost three wickets in getting the necessary 29 runs to win; but, of course, the victory was easy enough. The chief honours of the game rested with F. G. J. Ford, who scored 81 by terrific hitting, while J. T. Hearne bowled with such success that he captured twelve wickets for 107. On the Lancashire side the only men who did themselves justice were A. C. Maclaren and Albert Ward. The amateur played, perhaps, the most perfect innings in the match, when he scored 82 at his second attempt, although Albert Ward is to be congratulated on his stylish 51 and 20.

In cricket, as in other departments of human activity, we often find history repeating itself. Last season, for instance, Notts, in their pride, went up to Taunton to give Somerset a game and a beating. The intention was honourable, if remote, for that beating has not come off up to date—not at Taunton, certainly. Last season Somerset beat the men of Notts in a single innings, and this year they repeated it with 99 runs to spare. It seems strange that Somerset could sandwich one innings of 311 between two innings of Notts, totalling 100 and 112. Stranger still, perhaps, that H. T. Illeweat, of Somerset, could play an almost faultless innings of 120, while Gunn could only get 13 at two attempts, and Shrewsbury 41 in his double innings. What Notts apparently require is some good, new blood, not of the slow, old school of Notts players, but of the breezy, dashing style that can play an uphill or forcing game with some success.

Yorkshire's victory over Kent at Sheffield by eight wickets clearly demonstrated the superiority of the men of the north over the hop county for the second time this season. Kent has done not at all badly this year, considering the disadvantages of the team in not being able to call upon their best players, who are mostly amateurs, in every match. I doubt whether Kent has ever played the same team twice in succession this season, and I am doubtful whether they have played even the same eleven on any two occasions during the summer. This chopping and changing may not, perhaps, be within the power of the committee to avoid, but there can be no question at all that it militates greatly against the chances of the county's success.

Perhaps the saddest thing of the county season was the defeat of Surrey by Gloucester in the closing first-class match of the ex-champions. When one considers that W. G. Grace was not assisting his county, the sad tale of Surrey is all the more complete. Here we have the team which for the last six years has been head and shoulders above all others defeated by the county which for several seasons, and this season especially, has virtually held the wooden spoon.

The Australians, having met England for the last time this season, will appear at Nottingham to-morrow to play the county team. There can hardly be any doubt that the visitors are a better all-round lot than the Notts men on their present form, although in previous matches against the Cornstalks Notts have always performed with remarkable credit to themselves. Next Monday will see the Australians against a scratch England eleven at Scarborough, but these picnic matches are not usually followed with any zest. To-morrow, at Scarborough, a North v. South fixture is down for settlement, but, considering the fact that a similar fixture fell through earlier in the season, it is doubtful whether this one will be carried out.

## AQUATICS.

A few weeks ago, when McCusker, the American swimmer, defeated Finney, I pointed out that the latter was by no means England's strongest representative, and that we had several men, of whom J. Nuttall was one, who could lash the American out of the water. The race between Nuttall and McCusker, the other day, has more than justified my prophecy. The distance was over a mile, in still water. After a good start, the American just showed in front, but at 50 yards Nuttall was level. At a hundred he was well clear of his man, and gradually increasing his distance the English representative, cutting his way through the water in magnificent style, went farther and farther away from his opponent, eventually winning as he pleased by something like 200 yards. The time, 26 min. 8 sec., knocked all previous records into smithereens, and proved beyond a doubt that Nuttall is the fastest exponent of aquatic progression that the world has ever produced. On the same day, J. H. Tyers, of Manchester, added the long-distance amateur championship to the other laurels he has previously won this season. Tyers has shown himself such an adept both at sprinting and long distances that he must now be considered a kind of second Nuttall, to whom, if need be, he may prove a worthy successor.

OLYMPIAN.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The new popular edition of "Lorna Doone" (Sampson Low) should have an enormous sale, for the sake of the portrait it contains of Mr. Blackmore. None save a favoured knew till now what Mr. Blackmore looked like. The rest will be delighted and not astonished to see how little he is branded with the marks of his calling.

"From Wisdom Court" is the mock-solemn title of a collection of amusing papers by Mr. H. S. Merriman and Mr. Stephen Tallentyre, published by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Merriman is known to many as an able and vigorous writer of fiction. The papers are on subjects that have as little to do with each other as possible—"On a Bed of Sickness," "On Luck," "On Sunday Morning," "On Post Cards," and on many other widely different things. They are not brilliant, but they are gay trifling, and, as they are not full of bad puns, one can stand a good deal of their chatter. Better, however, than the little essays are the pictures, which are very pretty, and delightfully out of keeping with the modern tone of the "wisdom" they illustrate.

I can heartily recommend "A Change of Air" (Methuen), by Anthony Hope, as a story with plenty of fun and other requirements of human nature in it, including a tragedy, the latter kept well in hand, however. The humorous description of country-town life suggests that some of the writer's experiences of last year have come in useful as a background to his story, for it is no secret that "Anthony Hope" is a pseudonym for one who has gained experience in the political as well as the literary arena.

In the fringe of gentility and refinement, just outside the boundaries of an English county town, the scene is laid. The Squire's circle is not generally supposed to be a region of light and brilliancy, but it had great attractions for a young poet who, before settling down in the neighbourhood, had only known the picturesque squalor of Bohemia. A beautiful young lady, dwelling in this charmed circle, looks askance at his poetry, but admiringly at the poet; so the "Change of Air" takes swift effect, and the reckless, revolutionary genius settles down at the end of the book into comfortable conservatism, having earned his beautiful wife by inditing an ode to a royal personage. Anthony Hope doesn't jump on him for a turncoat or a renegade, but treats him pleasantly, as a tender plant or animal under investigation, in which any developments would be full of interest. Indeed, so pleasant is the tone of the book that the pathetic and the tragical incidents are never allowed to overshadow for long what, having regard to the reader's comfort, must be considered as a very well managed story.

Kraszewski's "The Jew" is the newest novel introduced to English readers by Mr. Gosse in Mr. Heinemann's International Library. When it was written the last Polish insurrection was hardly over. The author had fled to Germany, where he was to live for over twenty years, thundering against the enemies of Poland and against Bismarck, till the old Chancellor locked him up. The novel has all the appearance of being a hasty work, written while recent events had hardly had time to settle down and fit themselves for purposes of fiction.

Kraszewski was a marvel of industry. His knowledge was encyclopædic, and he must surely have poured it all out on paper, for after his death, in Genoa, six years ago, five hundred volumes were credited to his pen.

His fame as a novelist was high; but the popularity of his stories owed a good deal to the power of his name and personality and to the circumstances under which they were written. Yet there is ample justification for publishing "The Jew" in English, for it has an exceedingly interesting motive, though the machinery of the story might be laughed at by even a novice in the art of writing fiction. Kraszewski raises the question whether the Jews, standing apart as they do in matters of religion from the people they dwell among, should stand apart in political matters too, indifferent, save so far as their private interests are concerned. His aim in writing the story is to show in the career of his hero, Jacob, what he considers the ideal Jewish position in matters of citizenship and patriotism.

One of the rising novelists is certainly Miss Mary Mann. Her stories are not framed on models of the newest fashion, and they have no very salient feature to strike a mere casual reader. But they are excellently written. "In Summer Shade" was marked by skilled workmanship, humour—and good humour. In "Perdita" (Bentley), her latest one, there is a falling off in so far as she has striven, quite unnecessarily, to attract readers by a sensational plot. Otherwise it is good, and full of character. Among the best of the minor personages in it is a delightful literary school-girl, to whom ordinary life provides ample material for the sublimest romances.

Stories of Anglo-Indian life are not rarities nowadays, but the collection of them in "To Let," by B. M. Croker (Chatto), is worth looking at. They don't attempt to rival Mr. Kipling, but they are bright and amusing, and have among them some gruesome ghost stories. Yet even these do not equal in gruesomeness one that is not a ghost story, "Mr. Raymond." The hero of the tale is not Mr. Raymond at all, but an Oriental gentleman, of light complexion, who has married a young Scotch plebeian beauty. He is devoured with jealousy, and has a fine sense of the inferiority of womankind and of the superiority of the Oriental custom of shutting them up. You meet them on board ship, bound for—the bride knows not where; and when they leave the ship you feel the story is worth a shudder.

O. O.

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF "FUN."

So *Fun* has changed hands, after being so many years in the proprietorship of the brothers Dalziel. I almost grieve to hear it. How many of our best artists and authors were first seen at their best in its pages! Oddly enough, *Fun* was once the property of Maclean, the looking-glass man, afterwards the proprietor of Spratt's dog biscuits. As to Tom Hood, jun., who first edited it, he was not quite such a genial person as was commonly supposed, yet he worked well enough, and what good work followed his! *Hood's Annual* will be brought out all the same under the direction of Mr. Charles Dalziel.

I suppose nowadays there are a few good folk left who still read "Mrs. Brown at the Play." Poor Arthur Sketchley (George Rose), you had an unhappy knack of committing the greatest crime against the vulgarly successful! You were always a gentleman. An intensely conscientious comic writer seems to be somewhat an anomaly, yet so you were when you gave up the Readership of the *Temple* to become a convert—or pervert, as anyone may please—to Catholicism. Tutor to the Duke of Norfolk, showman at the Egyptian Hall in thy last years, I knew thee well, good George. The greatest humourist in England, you had indeed a difficulty to squeeze round those tables in the cosy corners of the "Old Cock." Thy anecdotes of Master Betty—thy stupendous power of eating a brace of lobsters at a sitting—thy kind heart and thy pure mind! How glad am I that *The Sketch* has given me the chance of refuting, or scorning to refute, the dastardly lies that a short time back were written against thee! Best of gentlemen and humourists and scholars! I' faith, why George Rose—Arthur Sketchley, I mean—ever became a comic writer is a mystery to me. Mrs. Brown was all very well in her way, but she was nothing compared to what he might have done. Yet he was one of the best contributors to *Fun*.

Henry J. Byron, a *Fun* man. Did I not in the old Strand-pit haleyon days of burlesque scream over those atrocious puns? Their atrocity was the sole excuse for their production. Well, well. It seems but yesterday that we were seated in the still summer evening under the portico of the old Assembly Rooms at Margate. Let me see, were there not Wilford Morgan and Teddy Righton and Edwin Villiers—the Emperor of the Pavilion—and even John L. Toole sometimes as one of the company? Well, Mr. Byron, you did not do much with the *Comic News*, you might just as well have kept to *Fun* altogether; still, let bygones be bygones.

Henry S. Leigh, it is a time ago since I read any of the "London Lays," but I cannot well forget you. Of course, we were both on *Fun*, and both wrote on *Hood's Annual* for years. The last time we met was at Darmstadt's, in the Strand. Our friendship was vastly cemented by the fact that we were both drinking Boonekamp. A Benjamin among journalists standing near by thought it the right thing to imitate his elders, and asked for a glass of the same cordial. Never shall I forget the agonies depicted on the crutched and toothpicked youth's countenance—the desperate efforts he made to swallow without being asphyxiated the—to him—witches' broth. Oh, the sardonic smile that wreathed the lips beneath that moustache! *Nil nisi, &c.* Yet I remember a story against Henry S. L. It was at the "Savage," and someone asked my old friend M. if he would have a drink—I mean partake of a little mild refreshment. Poor Leigh remarked, "Whoever knew M. refuse a drink?" M. answered beneath his long clay, for it was in the days of churchwardens and sawdust, "Whoever knew Harry Leigh offer to stand one?" It was well meant and well taken, and so was the friendly drink afterwards. *Eheu fugaces, &c.* I am dead on the Latin grammar to-day. I think I subscribed to the wreath that was laid on the lyrist's grave.

Dear old Ted Dalziel! You also were a *Fun* man. Dear old "Aged," old schoolfellow with myself and George Grossmith, ne'er shall I forget you, never once out of temper, never once asserting your undoubted talent. How well I remember that walk we had, after we left Henry S. Leigh, to the dentist's in St. Martin's Lane! With the greatest self-possession and control of every nerve—quite another Moltke, or rather Charlotte Corday, in a tourist's suit—you sat down in the operating chair. It was a little, undersized man who operated, and his arm went up and down three or four times like a sheep's tail or a fiddler with his bow. That tooth came out at last. The bland dentist remarked mildly: "I did think, Sir, that I should have to have another turn. I sha'n't forget that pull." Poor Ted, wiping his mouth, with an ironical grimace, and a not too clean towel, answered: "If you tried it, I'd give you such a — one in the eye, you would have remembered it." The little man collapsed. We paid our half-crown and departed with what was left of him, for the tooth was the biggest I have ever seen.

Talking about teeth—my reminiscences of *Fun* seem to run somewhat on a dental subject—our friend Mr. Sullivan, the artist, was suffering from a severe toothache, which had lasted for some years. In the end he screwed up his courage to the scrunching point. That tooth was taken out. He had it placed on a small ormolu stand, covered with a glass case. Stuck on the mantelpiece, he stood opposite to it. The fire of triumph gleaming in his eyes, he shook his clenched fist, and with a sepulchral laugh exclaimed, "You beggar, I have done you at last!" There is some truth in this, though there may be some alteration in the phrasology. There is, of course, no need to tell that W. S. Gilbert was one of the first contributors, as was also F. C. Burnand, Clement Scott, Aglen Dowty, Hans Breitmann, Byron Webber, Houghton, George R. Sims, and Henry Sampson.

Z.

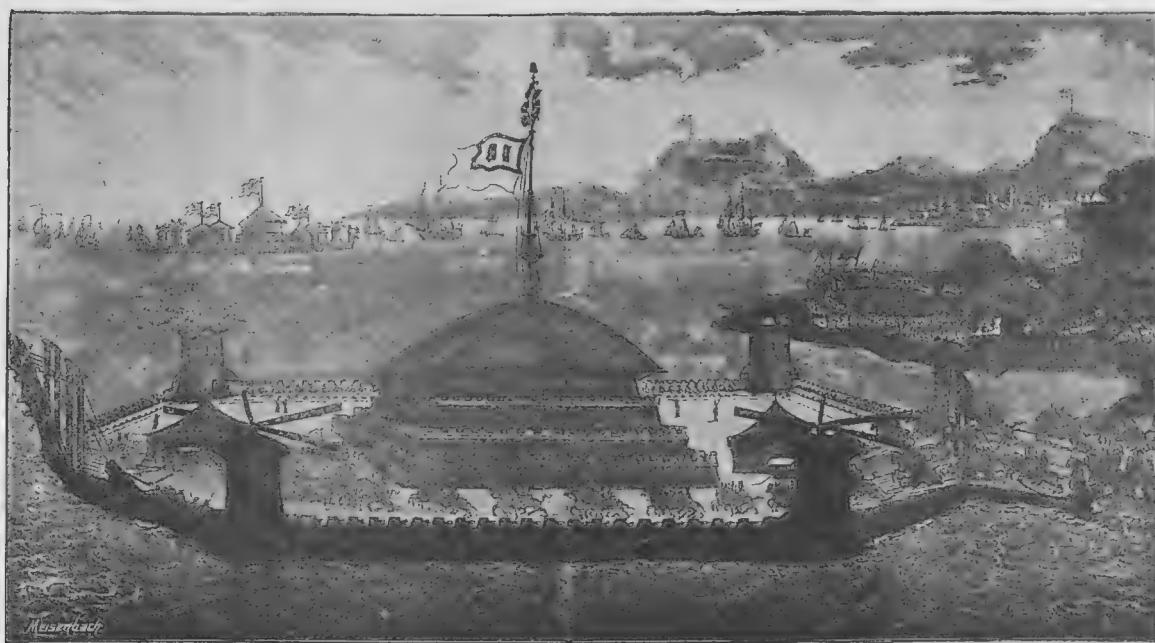
## IRELAND IN RETROSPECT.

Irish history has repeated itself with startling fidelity to old models more than once. At the present moment, when one reads of the possibility of Ulster arming, the mind is naturally carried back to the memorable

accompanying sketch of the monster French raft as seen afloat off "St. Maloes" in February 1798 were circulated freely. This primitive Devastation was 600 ft. long and 300 ft. broad. It carried five hundred pieces of cannon, 36 and 48-pounders, and was stated to be in readiness to convey 15,000 troops for the invasion of England. The fate of the fleet which the French furnished, under the leadership of Hoche, is familiar. Like another Armada, it was dispersed by a storm, after a landing had been made in one place by a small force, which was easily overpowered. The rebellion broke out in Wexford, and it was crushed with remorseless cruelty by the army under Sir Ralph Abercromby, then Commander-in-Chief. Lord Edward Fitzgerald died of wounds, the result of his desperate attempt to avoid being arrested. The fiery Tone was captured with some French officers, and characteristically closed his career by cutting his throat in prison. Some of his supporters were banished, and the ultimate result of the rebellion was the passing of the much disputed Act of Union in 1801.

The second print illustrates the intense discontent which resulted from the Disenfranchising Act of 1829. The little speeches issuing from the mouths of the various figures represented are wonderfully up-to-date to-day. "You may make the Union binding as a law," runs one of them, "but you cannot make it obliging on conscience. It will be

obeyed as long as England is strong, but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty; and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence." And this was written sixteen years before Mr. Parnell was born. The next few years were a roughshod time in Ireland, resulting in the passing of an Act which combined the provisions of the Proclamation Act, the Intervention Act, the partial application of martial law, and the partial suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.



A VIEW OF THE FRENCH RAFT OFF ST. MALOES.

year 1798. Grattan's Parliament was just reaching the end of its career, and struggling manfully on behalf of Roman Catholic emancipation. Then broke out the great and fatal rebellion. It was started by Theobald Wolfe Tone, whose proffered services were rejected by Pitt, and who founded the United Irishmen. Tone was a Protestant, and he had imbibed Socialistic ideas. The United Irishmen, led by Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Arthur O'Connor, appealed to France to help them. The country was panic-stricken, and little wonder when such prints as the



THE DABBLING CONSPIRATOR OR MORE WIVES ON THE GREEN.

## THE LADY AND THE LAW.

## A CHAT WITH MR. THEODORE LUMLEY.

Whoever the misguided journalist may have been who gave Mr. Theodore Lumley the sobriquet of "The Sphinx," I found that inexorable man of law with fixed determination to live up to his character. The local colour, too, of 37, Conduit Street is quite in



Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.

MR. LUMLEY.

keeping with the rest of the picture; whereas most private offices are of the dimensions of a good-sized wardrobe, the apartment wherein Mr. Lumley secludes himself from the common or garden client is positively palatial.

"Now, Mr. Lumley," I began, my voice echoing somewhere leagues away among the cornices, "I want you to tell me all about your experiences with those ladies whom you have piloted so skilfully through the shady—I mean shadowy—ways of litigation."

"Really, this is most irregular," he replied, as if I were a recalcitrant "learned friend." "You must be aware that it is quite out of the question for me to discuss my clients' affairs with an—with anyone. As a lawyer my lips are absolutely sealed."

"We quite understand that, Mr. Lumley," I assented reassuringly. "We will be as vague as political promises or impressionist pictures. Now, as to the litigating lady in the abstract. Is she not rather a trial to her legal advisers?"

"Dear me—no. Quite the contrary, in fact. Some of the most agreeable clients I have ever had have been ladies. They have always been, in my experience, quite as satisfactory to work with as men—quite amenable to reason, and ready to take advice. Indeed, I may add that I should not continue to conduct a case on any other basis."

"Then, you are not in favour of ladies conducting their own cases?"

"Certainly not. How is it possible for any untrained person to grasp all the minute technicalities of the law? Such a course could scarcely fail to be prejudicial to their own interests."

"But is not the great expense of litigation responsible for the attempt?"

"No doubt it is—counsel's fees being, of course, the most costly item. In the case of a lady plaintiff or defendant, moreover, a really good counsel is indispensable."

"May we not hope for a good—or, rather, a cheap—time coming?"

"Well, I am inclined to think that the process of litigation may eventually become cheaper. The fusion of solicitors and barristers into one profession would certainly have this effect. I have always been in favour of this innovation, and Sir Edward Clarke, the late Solicitor-General, strongly advocates an amalgamation of the two branches of the profession."

"But, surely, Mr. Lumley, a man may be an excellent solicitor and yet not be possessed of the gift of the gab—to use an expressive vulgarism?"

"Quite so; but that is almost entirely a matter of training. The foundation of a college for this purpose is a necessary part of any scheme. It might be called 'The Queen's College of Law,' and the funds of the Law Society and the Inns of Court should be applied for its endowment and maintenance. But this is a wide subject."

"Does the lady lawyer ever rise up in your dreams of the legal future?" was my next question.

"Well, no; I can't say that I have ever contemplated such a direction of the feminine intelligence. Nor do I think it likely we shall ever be so afflicted."

"They have already got the affliction in several Continental countries. Lady doctors grow in the hedgerows, and lady clergymen are no longer regarded as exotics. What, then, is the objection to lady lawyers?"

"Women are, it seems to me, entirely unfitted to grapple with the dry facts and complicated phases of our legal system," he answered, a touch of irritation creeping into his stately tones. I tried another route.

"Were you not connected with the famous Langworthy case, Mr. Lumley?"

"We were," was the response, as my companion brightened up at the recollection of past triumphs. "It was a lengthy business, extending over four years of legal tact—charge and countercharge. But at the end we got the largest verdict for breach of promise of marriage ever given—£20,000 for Mrs. Langworthy, £1200 a year alimony, and £500 a year for her child. Most satisfactory in every way."

"Can you recall any other *cause célèbre* in which your client has been a woman?"

"I daresay you remember the Cathcart case, in which my client, Mrs. Cathcart, had to prove her sanity and perfect ability to manage her affairs. That was a hard fight. It is not easy for anyone to prove that they are sane," he continued, shooting a swift, significant glance in my direction. "The case lasted seventeen days in court, during which time I or my partner, Mr. Walter Lumley, never left the court while it was sitting. In the end Sir Charles Russell succeeded in carrying our point, and Mrs. Cathcart's lucidity of mind was established."

"You are a great believer in Sir Charles, are you not Mr. Lumley?"

"I am—a great believer and admirer, too. I always retain Sir Charles or Sir Edward Clarke for my clients whenever possible. Unfortunately, Sir Charles has now taken office."

"Had you any finger in the Maybrick pie?"

"Yes. We were engaged to watch the case on behalf of the Baroness de Roques and Mrs. Maybrick's American friends, but with the preparing and laying the case before counsel our duty ended. Personally, I was greatly surprised at the verdict, and have always believed that a miscarriage of justice took place."

"Surely that was a case in which a lady defendant damaged her chance of an acquittal by making a defence on her own account?"

"Perhaps so. I am not denying that lady clients require to be kept well in hand. Of course, they sometimes want to do erratic things."

The entrance of an office-boy with a scrap of paper for about the fifth time warned me that some impatient client, doubtless of the feminine gender, awaited my departure with anxiety—a sentiment possibly shared by my courteous, if not communicative, host.

As Mr. Lumley rose from the farthest side of his little oasis of an escritoire set in a desert of parquet flooring, I observed—not for the first time—that he made a very "fine figure of a man." With a striking personality and a manner—a Foreign Office sort of manner—even the lady litigant may be deterred from "wandering over the crooked hills of delicious"—perversity.

R. D.

## PRETTY GIRLS AS PEW OPENERS.

The Presbyterian is ordinarily supposed to be a dull, "dour" dog. This may be true of the Scotch, certainly not of the American, Presbyterian, if the parson of the Duryea Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn is any criterion. This gentleman, who is described as "a middle-aged man with practical ideas," has been sorely troubled that young men won't go to church. His object was to get these negligent young men inside the four walls of his church. Once in their seats, they would, he supposed, forget what magnet drew them thither, and would devote all their hearts, and all their souls, and their minds to things spiritual. And what was to be the magnet? Nothing more or less than a beauty show. He selected four of the prettiest girls in the congregation. These dainty damsels meet all the other members of the flock at the threshold of the church and guide them to their seats within. They distribute tracts and hymnals to the worshippers, and endeavour to make church-going a pleasure and not a bore.

On the first Sunday of the experiment, a few weeks ago, it was noised around the parish that pretty girls would replace the men in the aisles in the Duryea Church, and when the doors of the edifice were thrown open fully a hundred men and women were on hand, anxious to be ushered in. Some of the men, it was noticed, crept in stealthily and looked around anxiously, as though expecting something to drop. These were the kind of beings that the pastor hoped to save from perdition by means of sweet smiles and graciousness. He had failed with them by other means. Two girls stationed themselves at the left door and the other two on the right side of the church. One maiden wore a neat-fitting and attractive suit of light blue with trimmings of a darker hue. The others looked quite demure, but no less attractive, in suits of black. It was highly entertaining and most interesting to watch these fair ushers serving God and man at one time. As each worshipper entered the church he or she was met at the door by one of these sedate but blushing misses and very graciously shown to a seat. Then the fair young usher, with eyes cast down to the carpet, returned to her post, and, if no one was looking, might exchange a covert smile—a smile of triumph—with her companions. The pretty ushers had little time, however, to exchange confidences, for the crowd increased until the church was filled and the services had begun. The four young ladies did their duty well, and their parson smiled benignly down on them from his seat on the platform.

## A VISIT TO THE GOLD FIELD AT COOLGARDIE.

The Coolgardie gold field, which has caused so much excitement in all parts of Australia and the mining world, is reached from the little gold mining settlement of Southern Cross, situated 250 miles east of Perth, the capital of the colony, quite on the outermost fringe of Western Australian civilisation. Distances count for little here, and the residents do not consider their remote situation any peculiar hardship. The fairly well made Government road, however, ends at Southern Cross, and the further stretch of 135 miles to Coolgardie, which had to be made by a hardly recognisable track through the bush and open country, without even a solitary settler's shanty the whole way, promised to be somewhat unconventional.

A friend and myself traversed this distance in a small two-horse buggy, a very light vehicle without springs, easily lifted by one person. The seat and baggage rests on an elastic frame placed across the axles, and the large wheels easily surmount the ruts and stumps. This handy conveyance carried my friend and self with our "swag," consisting of provisions for four days, blankets, &c., without mishap to Coolgardie,

while it has been in charge of one of the present proprietors, Mr. Sylvester Browne. Bayley was the lucky finder of this reef, after three months' hard work prospecting in the neighbourhood. As the discoverer of a new gold field, the Government presented him with a reward claim 400 ft. by 600 ft. upon the reef, and he, after taking out, it is said, 2000 ounces of pure gold and selling the claim, has retired to live in comfort at the capital of the colony.

The mine was bought by Mr. Browne and some friends for £10,000, and I was courteously received there by him and by Mr. Cockshott, barrister-at-law. Both of them were in their shirt-sleeves, hard at work "dollying"—that is, taking out the gold with pick and hammer, assisted by a son of Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, and two or three other youngsters, relations and friends. The pure gold was being taken out literally in handfuls, and it is obvious that there might have been risk of robbery in employing chance labour. So rich is the gold exposed on the surface, that it is the practice of one of the proprietors to make up his bed on the top of the working every night to protect the reef from being surreptitiously worked after dark. This actually happened once, when Bayley held the claim.

I occasionally lent a hand at working the reef, and with a small crowbar I easily obtained lumps of pure gold the size of my fist, from



REEFS NEAR LAKE LEFROY.

notwithstanding that our restive, half-broken Australian horses did their best to dispose of their load in the bush whenever a screaming parrot or one of the large, brilliantly coloured lizards shot across the track. The journey seemed to us a pleasant picnic. We had to cook our own provisions, find suitable camping ground, with water for ourselves and horses. Large bald granite rocks, sometimes 150 acres in extent, appeared at intervals, and about the base of these water is usually found. We were continually passing miners on foot, "humping their swag," i.e., carrying in a canvas bag on their backs all they possess, and making all possible speed to the Land of Promise. Every mining country in the world was represented, and, in addition to veterans from Cornwall, the Cape, California, British Columbia, Ballarat and Bendigo, numerous novices were easily recognised, evidently hailing from the "shady side of Pall Mall," from Varsity, warehouse, and workshop, as well as certain very prosperous-looking gentlemen, the contour of whose features betrayed their Semitic origin. I note with satisfaction that, however much their people are said to be robbed and persecuted in certain countries, they seem to strike some sort of balance by thriving uncommonly in most other places. Four days of this travelling brought us to Coolgardie.

Our first visit was to Bayley's claim, said to be the richest mine, considering its small dimensions, ever discovered. From a hole 45 ft. long and only 8 ft. deep and 4 ft. wide, over 9000 ounces of pure gold, value £35,000, have been taken without the help of any machinery,

which the quartz adhering was quickly detached. Although more than one-third of a ton of pure gold had been "dollied" out within the past six months, the yield showed no sign of giving out; but it is, of course, impossible to say how far the rich veins may extend.

We formed a little party for exploration and prospecting purposes in the neighbourhood, travelling as far as the shores of the large inland sea, Lake Lefroy, said to be nearly 100 miles long. The photograph reproduced shows a stretch of country bordering the lake, with a quartz reef in the foreground.

The natives of these parts reject even the most elementary articles of attire as unnecessary, but their partly reclaimed brother rejoices in wearing any costume to hand. Thus, one of my natives had donned a shortish red petticoat, with the waistband gathered round his neck, a dress coat, and a child's flapping straw hat. I gave him a pair of pyjamas, which he promptly added to this costume. During our expedition we came across small parties of the wild natives, as they are called, who were induced by their tamer brethren accompanying us to come into camp, both men and women. The men honoured us with some grotesque native dancing to a chanting chorus, while the women, who are never permitted to indulge in this exercise, beat time by striking the ground with a stick.

We thoroughly enjoyed this camping-out expedition, and succeeded in finding gold in several places, tracing the finds in the alluvial in the gullies in some cases to the source in the quartz reefs. R. H. L.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Everybody just now is concentrating their attention on travelling, shooting, and fishing costumes, and, though for those women who go in for so-called sport I have not the smallest amount of sympathy or favour, I must needs—if I want to do my duty—give their requirements, in the way of suitable costumes, my due consideration; and so, to make sure that I did not neglect them, I hurried into Redfern's, in New Bond Street, the other day, and—in truth, I must confess it—almost forgot my prejudices for the moment in the contemplation of some exceedingly smart gowns, which were specially destined for the use of some fair sportswomen. In order to make my sacrifice to personal prejudice absolutely complete, I went so far as to have two of them sketched for you; so I hope you will duly appreciate my magnanimity.

The shooting costume is of tan-coloured tweed, with a check in a darker shade. The loose-fronted coat, with turned-down collar and revers of chamois leather, has the new box-pleated sleeves, and opens over a perfectly plain vest of the same leather, fastened by a waistband to match. The skirt, which is bound with leather, is sufficiently short to show off a trim pair of ankles to the best advantage, especially when they are encased in a natty pair of gaiters. A fascinating little Scotch cap of the same tweed as the gown is perched coquettishly on the head, and finished off by a cluster of brown feathers touched with green, which droop on to the hair at the back. The fishing costume, which is equally smart and business-like, is in bluish-grey tweed, with a very pretty check in white, tan, and a darker shade of bluish grey. The short skirt is edged with a band of tan-coloured leather, and the double-breasted coat bodice is also bound with the leather, the revers, cuffs, and collar being finished off in the same way. A soft little boat-shaped hat of the tweed, trimmed with a broad band of white ribbon, completes the costume.

Another gown which I noticed was of green checked tweed with a tan-coloured spot, the skirt bound with tan-coloured leather, and fitted with an outside pocket of the same material. The open-fronted coat, which had revers of leather and a lining of scarlet silk, was worn over a perfectly plain and most masculine shirt-front of white linen, adorned with a red tie. The hat, which was modelled on the same lines as that worn by Miss Hanbury in "The Amazons"—a piece, by-the-way, which has made these self-same hats the rage of the autumn season—was of green felt, trimmed with a red feather. Still one more short-skirted costume, finished off with the indispensable band of leather, was of fawn tweed checked with white, the short coat-bodice having revers of leather, and opening to show a double-breasted waistcoat of white drill, and

a white tie, collar, and cuffs. The accompanying sailor hat was of white felt, trimmed with a band of tan-coloured velvet and two white wings.

And now my reward has come, and I am free to record the charms of some inoffensive early autumn gowns, the fascinations of which will work deadly havoc among the hearts of men. One with which

I was particularly pleased was of white cloth, the skirt bordered with mink tail, and trimmed up the left side from hem to waist with graduated lines of black braid, finishing off in a pretty twist. The same effective trimming was continued on the perfectly-fitting bodice, which was cut short to the waist and edged with a line of the fur, which also bordered the collar and edged the full puffs, which reached to the elbow, the plain cuffs being braided. The dainty little Marie Stuart bonnet of white cloth was outlined with fur, and a tiny black bird was poised lightly at the side. Next in order of merit, in my opinion, came a very smart dress of réséda striped cloth, the skirt trimmed with two bands of velvet in a darker shade, edged with gold cord, and the short coat-bodice, showing a vest arranged in an extremely novel way with graduated revers, one of which—on the rightside—was of velvet, edged with gold cord, the other being entirely composed of sable. The sleeves and collar were of velvet, and the hat, of réséda felt, trimmed with velvet and sable tail, was the crowning-point, in more ways than one, of a most successful costume.

I also noticed with favour an extremely well-built gown of pale tan-coloured cloth; a band of white cloth edged with mink and braided in gold trimmed the skirt, and the bodice had a vest of white and gold, finished off with two rows of fur, the collar being adorned in the same way. The sleeves were of cloth to the elbow, and the cuffs, of white cloth, were prettily braided in gold. Just one more

gown—and my investigations for this time, at least, are finished—was of dark blue serge, the particularly full skirt being quite plain, with the exception of a band of red cloth, edged with fur and braided in gold, which bordered the bottom. The bodice, which was gathered to a point at the waist, was held in by a band of red cloth, also braided, and the collar and vest were of the same effective material.

The old adage that, though you expel Nature with a pitchfork, still she will always return, is exemplified in what I am pleased to hear is the very latest fashion at some of the French watering-places. With a huge effort, the gay butterflies of pleasure and fashion have succeeded, for the time at least, in bringing reality somewhat near ideality, and to show their good form and to be perfectly *de rigueur* the gambling tables have been tabooed; every husband has paid ostentatious and devoted attention to his own wife, and *vice-versa*,



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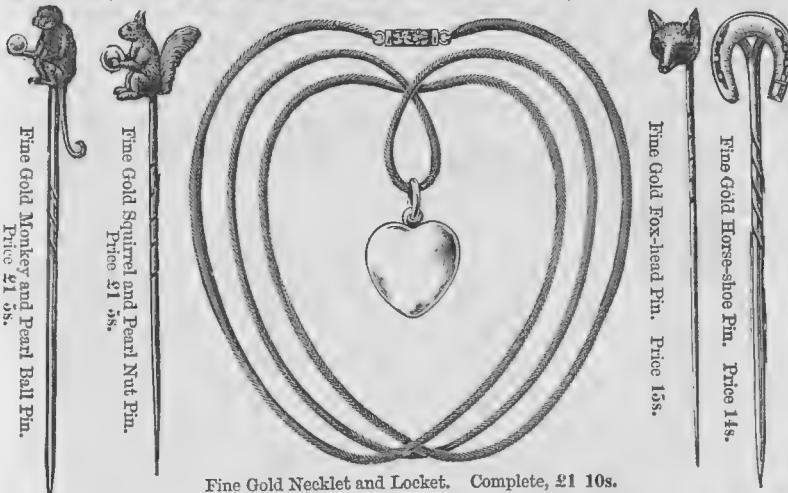
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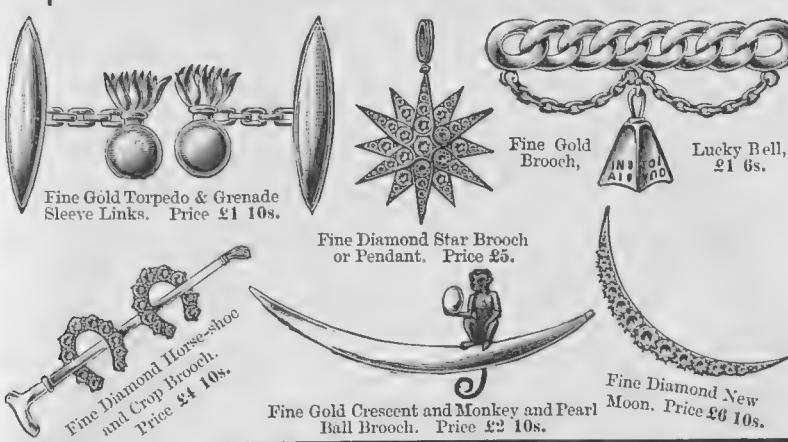
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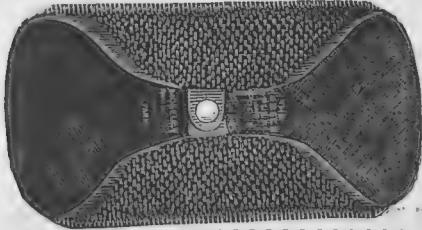


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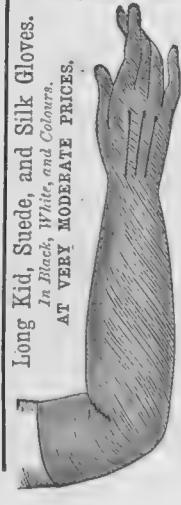
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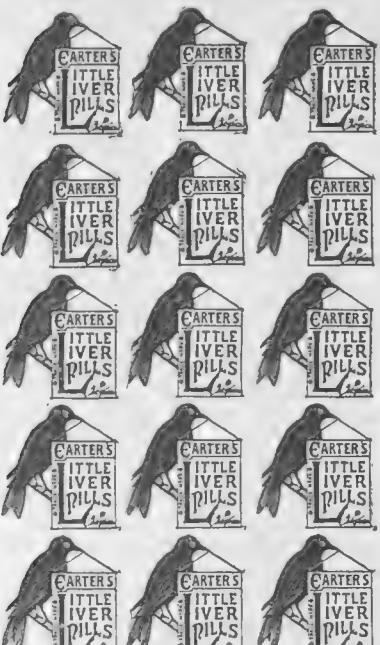
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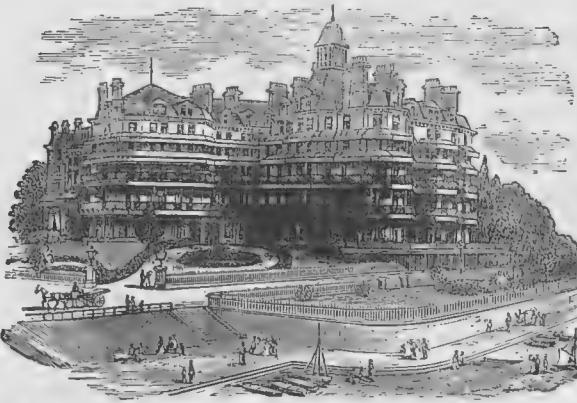
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and this ideal simplicity has even been carried into the regions of dress, with which I am, of course, most concerned.

According to a friend's letter, Puritan simplicity is not to be compared to the straight, untrimmed skirts and the simple blouses and bodices which constitute the fashion—even colours are only partially in favour, as demure greys and unobtrusive fawns are the order of the day, or perhaps I should say the hour. Certainly, Parisian fashions will not suffer from an importation of simplicity, and I, for my part, shall be

execution, and hail the new sovereign, though I expect that our welcome will be very half-hearted. As for me, I shall not give in without a struggle, and I shall refuse to droop and slope until the very last practicable moment, and even then I shall submit with a very bad grace.

#### FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

If there is one person I envy, it is the woman with naturally curling hair. She can brave the hottest or the wettest day with impunity, and come out smiling with the soft rings of hair on her forehead in the most perfect condition. She knows not the horrors of a straight fringe hanging in lank wisps, nor does she realise the fatal effect which such a catastrophe has upon the prettiest face. But, alas! these fortunate folk are in the minority, and most of us know all these evils only too well. Shall I tell you how to guard against them, and ensure your fringe always looking well, even under the most adverse circumstances? Use "Zoelia," and you can defy wind, rain, and heat alike. It is a wonderful, delicately perfumed preparation, which has the advantage of not being sticky. All you have to do is to damp the hair slightly with it before using the curling tongs or pins, and then you are in just the same happy position as the woman whose hair curls naturally, for nothing will make yours come out of curl. I have used "Zoelia" myself for many months, and when I was away at the seaside I tremble to think what would have become of me but for its aid. I should really like you to try it, as I am certain that it will save you an infinity of trouble and annoyance. It is quite economical, too, for you can get it from all hairdressers and chemists in shilling and half-crown bottles, and I am certain that if you take my advice and get a bottle you will owe me a debt of gratitude for the rest of your natural life.

The great heat and the consequent need of precaution is my excuse for pressing the claims of the new disinfectant "Izal" (Newton, Chambers, and Co.). It has advantages over the ordinary antiseptic in its freedom from danger, and on all hands "Izal" seems to be gaining favour.

FLORENCE.

#### WHY NOT LEARN TO SWIM?

It is astonishing how few of the boatmen at our many watering-places are able to swim. The boating fatalities this year have been exceptionally deadly, and with regard to the shocking accident on the Nene, in Lincolnshire, the other day, a correspondent who has known the district for many years informs us that, though Burton, the boatman, who with his son was drowned, was a thoroughly competent and skilful man, who had been accustomed to the sea all his life—as had his father and grandfather, inhabitants of the same place before him—yet he could not swim a yard. Only last year our correspondent was boating with him on this very spot, and they found themselves, owing to the state of the tide, in a very awkward predicament. Burton told our friend that he knew every inch of the place, and, if the worst happened, he might guide the party home through the shallows on foot, but should they come to deep water it would be all up with him, for he could not swim a stroke. Surely the authorities who grant boatmen their licenses might insist on a knowledge of so useful an art.

#### A BIOGRAPHY ONE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

"Spare the rod—" and we all know the remainder of our grandfathers' expressed opinions. Notwithstanding our craze for revivals at the present day, it would seem, however, that the chastening birch is not to be reckoned with crinoline and Chippendale as coming once more into general favour. The novel and unedifying spectacle of a youth summoning his father for assault came before a North London magistrate some days ago, from which it would appear that this promising embryo citizen had been gratifying his playful inclinations by "teasing" his sisters. Uproar naturally follows. Mother of the family most naturally complains to the head of the house; head of the house most naturally searches for cane. Finds it. Uses it. But lo! the youth of England objects to discipline of the nether parts, and, instead of kissing the rod as, according to all tradition, he should have done, turns round ungratefully and arraigns the author of his being for misdemeanour in the Courts. A feeling allusion on the part of his worship towards the necessity of parental rebuke does not obtain with this young Absalom, and it is only on finding that a summons, like most other things, is only obtainable for cash down that he desists in his filial quest for justice. The future of this young hopeful would be interesting to follow. A year or two among our new and well-beloved subjects of the Solomon Isles would not be inappropriate. There they sometimes cook and eat their papas when tired of them.

The August number of the *Studio* shows a steady advance in interest upon its predecessors. A brief interview with Mr. Frederick Hollyer, the eminent photographer, is illustrated with some charming examples of his art, all the more satisfactory because untouched. Mr. C. G. Harper—no mean exponent of black-and-white art—writes on pen-drawing for reproduction. The great advance in competitive work is shown by sixteen designs for the title-page of the *Studio*, for which prizes were offered. They are all creditable, and some distinctly original. Mr. Alfred Hartley's article on "Sketching from Nature" is admirably illustrated with thirty-one drawings by John Constable, Henry Moore, and others.



glad to see a corresponding tendency in the modes of the autumn season. We have simply covered ourselves lately with frills and furbelows, bedecked our heads with veritable flower-gardens, and clad ourselves in raiment which outvied the rainbow, so now—anything for a change—I suppose we will, for a time, embrace simplicity with effusion, till, growing weary of her charms, we again hanker after the extravagances and exaggerations of the past season, in which, however, it must be allowed that we managed to look extremely well.

The one thing which I most dread is the revival of sloping shoulders, and the total banishment of the huge puffed sleeves, which added a becoming breadth to our figures, and gave us, somehow, a generally smart appearance. In my mind, flat shoulders are fatal to smartness, as they give us a generally depressed, dowdy, and forlorn appearance, which is, to say the least of it, most unbecoming. However, as Fashion has passed sentence against big, outstanding sleeves, we shall all attend the

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The great secret is out. We know now what is going to happen to the Home Rule Bill after it leaves the House of Commons. A frightful rumour ran through the country that the combined charms of Doncaster week and partridge shooting would prevail over the stern sense of duty which is the leading characteristic of the Upper House. Not so. The Peers will do themselves the infinite honour of sitting while the St. Leger is being run, and of killing the Home Rule Bill instead of partridges. I doubt whether in the whole history of this great assembly a similar act of self-sacrifice can be recorded. It ought to be set down with a white mark to the eternal credit of our hereditary legislators. As for what will happen, we need not trouble ourselves with lengthy speculations. The second reading of the Bill will be moved by Lord Kimberley on the 5th. It will be rejected on the evening of the 8th. In other words, four whole days will be given up by these self-devoted men to the consideration of a question which has only occupied the nation about seven years.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

The conduct of the Ministerial case will, as I have said, be given over to Lord Kimberley, who cannot, however, be described as an ideal leader, even of a forlorn hope. I believe that up to the present the Ministerial whips, scouring right and scouring left, have discovered exactly 31 stalwarts who have promised to return from moor and copse and racecourse to support the second reading. On the other hand, the Tories do not expect to muster more than 300 against a possible 40 on the other side, giving the Opposition a majority of something over 250. Even these results can only be obtained by the most extraordinary efforts. When the Franchise Bill was rejected in 1884, the attendants stopped more than one noble lord whose face they had never seen, and whose identity had to be elaborately explained to them. The same thing will happen over Home Rule. Under ordinary circumstances the House of Lords consists of a body of forty or so noblemen, who discuss politics in the piano tone suitable to a well-bred assembly. The majority of the voters is composed of men who know little or nothing of politics, are entirely devoted to country pursuits and to passing away life in one form or another of elaborate idleness. Others again, and a large proportion of them, will be Irish landlords directly interested in the controversy, and a few, to be quite fair, will be men of ability and experience, most of whom, like Lord Salisbury, have had a long political training, chiefly in the House of Commons. But not a single member of the whole body will have the least title or qualification, beyond what the unwritten Constitution gives them, to any voice in the question. They have not consulted the people in throwing out the Bill. No member of their House incurs the least electoral responsibility. Those gentlemen are responsible to nobody, and they have no part in the current of affairs which sweeps now this way, now that, puts this party in power one year and its rivals the next. All I can say is that if the Liberal party takes the smallest notice of what may happen in the Lords next week it will have deserved very ill of its constituents.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. BALFOUR.

Last week in the House has been significant of a very pretty little rivalry, which has been going on with a certain measure of deft concealment between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. Everybody knows the Tories greatly disapprove of the way in which Mr. Chamberlain manœuvred for the lead on the vote of No Confidence, which ought to have been proposed, if proposed at all, by Mr. Balfour, as the leader of the main body of the Opposition. As it turned out, Mr. Chamberlain's move ended entirely to his own disadvantage and Mr. Balfour's credit. I doubt whether any one among the many remarkable speeches the Member for West Birmingham has delivered on this Bill fell more utterly flat than his oration in support of the resolution. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour's closing speech was as delightful and complete a success as Mr. Chamberlain's was an unredeemed failure. It was beautifully delivered and beautifully thought out and composed. A delicate humour, like the bouquet of some rare wine, was, perhaps, its most conspicuous feature. The kindly chaff of Mr. Gladstone, the little personal hits, such as the suggestion that Mr. Gladstone had thrown the whole weight of his very bulky Solicitor-General across the table, the play of ironical argument—all these things made, I think, the best speech Mr. Balfour has delivered since he undertook the leadership of the Opposition. It was in complete contrast to the bitterness, the egotism of Mr. Chamberlain's effort. It marked, indeed, the moral and intellectual difference between the two men, which has been increasingly visible of late. Indeed, the final result of the Home Rule debates, so far as present issues are concerned, is precisely the reverse to that which in the earlier stages seemed inevitable. Mr. Chamberlain has receded as Mr. Balfour has advanced. He and Mr. Gladstone represent the two intellectual triumphs of the controversy. This is all the more remarkable because as mere efforts of superficial debating skill Mr. Chamberlain's speeches have been as good as can well be imagined. The fault in Mr. Chamberlain is, after all, a moral fault. He wants length and strength of view, refinement, restraint, control of his most irritable temper. The battle, after all, is not always to the strong, though it is emphatically to the great. It is greatness which Mr. Chamberlain above all things lacks, and which has been, with some notable limitations, undoubtedly developed in his Conservative colleague.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

August is running out rapidly. Considering all we have had to endure from the weather, I think the public will admit that a more patriotic body of men does not exist than the House of Commons. This is what O'Connell always said of the coalporters of Dublin, and the remark has ever since given them the right to walk first in all the trades processions of that enlightened city. After this session, I think some similar compliment ought to be paid to hon. members. The situation as I write is simple enough. Practically, the Home Rule Bill is done with. We were guillotined (positively for the last time) last Friday, and the third reading of the Bill will be taken this week, so that, after a few days' debate in the House of Lords, it is to be hoped we shall have heard the last of Home Rule for a considerable time. It was dead some time ago. It will soon be buried. R.I.P.

## THE FATE OF SUPPLY.

Mr. Gladstone, or, as some very irreverent wag now persists in calling him in the Lobby, Mr. Gagstone, has always been loud in his protestations of love for the House of Commons. He has dissembled his love so well this year that he has not hesitated to muzzle his *innamorata*. And the game is going on, too, we are told by a Press *communiqué* from an anonymous Minister. The Parliamentary football season has begun. Supply is to be treated like the Home Rule Bill; there will be, I suppose, three periods of twenty minutes, and then, *hey presto!* discussion will cease. What a humourist the Prime Minister is, to be sure! At the end of a long life he seems suddenly to have lost all sense of proportion. I have heard that when old men fall in love they are always greater fools than any youth. When an old statesman falls in love with a young theory, the same result apparently follows.

## RADICALS AND THE BUCKHOUNDS.

Talking of Supply, I fully expect to see an attack made by the Radicals below the gangway upon the Royal Buckhounds. The usual preliminaries have already been taken. Mr. Stuart has been giving the hospitality of his evening paper to violent diatribes on the subject, and, if threats are worth anything, Lord Ribblesdale's post as Master of the Buckhounds is not worth a fortnight's purchase. It is evidently a case for Mr. Marjoribanks's extra-superfine cream-laid diplomacy. We shall see how the fierce, untamed democrat will vote on the subject. Stay, will he vote at all? Will not half an hour's blowing off steam be enough? Yes, I rather think so. Such a nuisance to embarrass the Government and the "Dear Old Man" at the end of a long and wearying session, &c. Mr. Marjoribanks can do this sort of thing as well as anyone. Lord Ribblesdale need not fear for his season's hunting, and, for all the agitation, I fancy his particularly striking green Court dress will probably be available for many a long day to come. Threatened offices live long. When the late Government were in power there were several determined attacks made upon the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. But when the Radical party came in Mr. Bryce took the post—which is almost a sinecure—without a murmur.

## "OFF WITH HIS HEAD!"

Cool, refreshing rain is not more valued by the agriculturist than is a scene by the Parliament man. A nice little one took place last week which deserves chronicling. Mr. Healy was engaged in the task of shedding sweetness and light upon the House, and wound up his remarks by the proposition that under Home Rule Irish landlords should have no more control of Irish affairs than their numbers entitled them to. Whereupon, oh, horror! there came from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery the unaccustomed sound of clapping of the hands. The Speaker was up in a moment, his face stern, and his hand uplifted in anger. "Off with his head!" The distinguished one was hurried out, the guillotine taken out of the Serjeant-at-Arms' cupboard, and the extreme penalty of the law was exacted immediately. "Who is he?" was the eager inquiry. It was soon solved. A scrutiny of the book in the Lobby wherein all "distinguished" people's names are entered revealed the thrilling fact that Mr. Healy's admirer was Mr. Walsh, of Cashel, hitherto unknown to fame, but now entered on the journals of the House as a disturber of the Speaker's peace. He is, I hear, the owner or editor of a weekly paper. He must in his young days have been the original man who was said to have called out from the Strangers' Gallery, "Mr. Spaker, Sorr, I'll trouble ye for a song."

## FURTHER DELIGHTS.

On the same day there were quite a number of funny incidents. For a long time Mr. Gladstone has been "on the pounce" for Mr. Bolton, the one man of his party who has had the courage to criticise the Bill on its merits and not in its relation to its creator. The opportunity came at last. When Mr. Bolton moved an amendment the Prime Minister got up and danced upon his former follower. Among other things, he said Mr. Bolton was irresponsible, and his course was quite contrary to "the instructions he had received from his electors when he entered the House." This is an interesting remark, for it seems to show that Mr. Gladstone has adopted the idea that a member is merely the delegate of his constituency. Later on Dr. Macgregor aroused shrieks of laughter by getting up casually with the remark that "one or two ideas had occurred to him." When the Speaker called his attention to the fact that a specific amendment was before the House, Dr. Macgregor replied, "Then, Sir, I beg to be excused." This is the sort of episode which really delights and cheers the House in the month of August.

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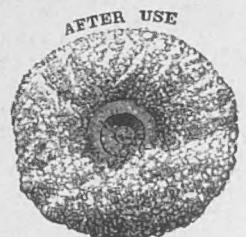
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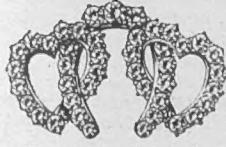


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# FLORILINE

## FOR THE TEETH and BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.



Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from

Sweet Herbs and Plants.

IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2/3 per Bottle.

# SANITARY PROTECTION AT HOME.

"IZAL"

Infection of the most dangerous and virulent character can be instantly destroyed with "**IZAL**," the new Non-Poisonous Disinfectant.

"IZAL" stops Cholera, Small-pox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its Disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. It can be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned Disinfectants. Being non-poisonous it is safe under all conditions. Being non-caustic it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-corrosive, it will neither stain nor injure linen, bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings, furniture, metals, or surgical instruments!

Sold by Chemists and others, in Large Bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d., and Gallon Tins at 10s.

**CAN BE USED WITH GREAT ECONOMY.**

The Gallon Tin will make 200 Gallons of powerful Germ-destroying Reliable Disinfectant, costing less than One Penny per Gallon.

*SAMPLE BOTTLE OR TIN SENT, CARRIAGE FREE, IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, FOR POSTAL ORDER.*

Sole Manufacturers:

NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & Co., Ltd., Thorncleiffe, Sheffield. London Offices: 19, Great George Street, Westminster; and Thorncleiffe House, 331, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

The Izal Pamphlet, containing simple rules for the protection of Life and Health, sent post free.

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SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the ' Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,' 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 31 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Aug. 30, 1893.

Signature .....

WRITE FOR THE NEW PATTERNS.  
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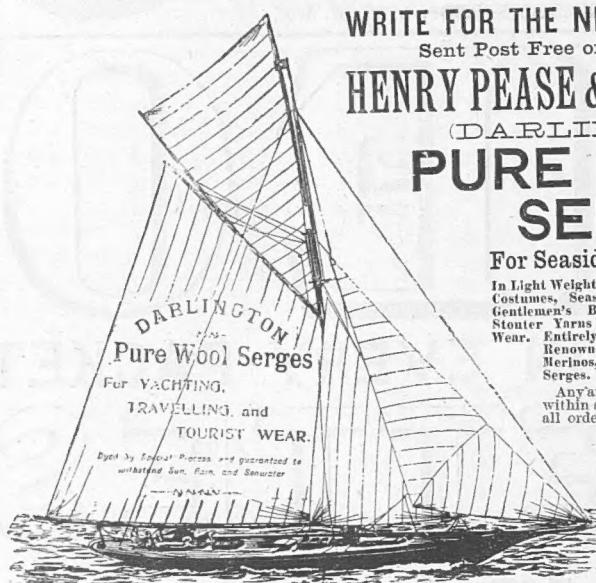
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For Seaside &amp; Autumn Wear.

In Light Weighted Yarns for Ladles' Yachting Costumes, Seaside and Travelling Dresses, Gentlemen's Boating and Tourist Suits. Stouter Yarns for Boys' and Girls' Rough Wear. Entirely New Weavings of the World-Renowned Darlington Gold Medal Merinos, Cashmeres, and Cross-Warp Serges.

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Tasteless. Pure. Active.

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Supplies a Daily Luxury.  
Dainties in Endless Variety.

The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

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